

THE
AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI.

SEPTEMBER, 1835.

NO. I.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

NEW-ENGLAND is justly entitled to a large share of the credit of having given an impulse to the cause of popular education. The early settlers of that section of our country were fully sensible of the defects of the English institutions, which they had forsaken. That the schools of learning and religion were corrupted, and the fairest hopes overthrown by licentious behaviour in those seminaries, was one amongst the many causes of their emigration from the old world, and of pledging themselves to the education of their children. In the year 1668 a document was published, by order of the Government and Council of Massachusetts, and addressed to the elders and ministers of every town; in which paper was set forth an earnest desire for the moral and religious instruction of the people, and an appeal to those to whom the instrument was directed, to examine whether the education of youth in the English language was attended to. From the time of Mather and his associates, who laboured zealously in this field of usefulness, to the present period, New-England has devoted her attention to the promotion of knowledge; and in the industry, integrity, and frugality of her children, now behold the brilliant results of her perseverance. When we consider that the tide of emigration, which is sweeping before it the forests of the West, takes its rise in the Eastern section of the United States, and bears upon its bosom the elements of enrichment—that it is composed in a great degree of those who have been enabled to obtain the rudiments of learning—the first principles of valuable information, ought we not to be grateful to those who have toiled to render the fountain pure and transparent?

The system adopted in the New-England States is that of a general tax, which is distributed according to the number of children of the particular school districts. It is not our intention to give an account of the particular systems adopted by the several members of that section of the confederacy; it is sufficient to state that they vary but little from each other. We give a brief sketch of the plan of one neighbouring State, Connecticut. The original division in regard to school districts was

that of a parochial character ; but in the course of time the territorial division, composed of ecclesiastical societies, gave way, in consequence of the diversity of religious opinions, to what were termed school societies. This division existed as early as 1766. Appropriations were made from the public treasury to the school fund, in addition to the tax levied for the support of schools, until the year 1795, when the avails of certain lands belonging to the State, and amounting to a large sum, were appropriated to the schools, and the annual product made perpetually liable to distribution. These lands are known as the Connecticut reserve, and form part of the present State of Ohio. A portion of land appropriated to the same purpose, situated in the State of New-York, has been exempted from the operation of a general law requiring the payment of a tax on certain debts arising out of the sale of lands situated in, and belonging to persons residing out of, the State : an exemption which may be justly considered as a proper appreciation by the State of New-York of the value of education, and an evidence of the disposition of this enlightened community not to impose the smallest tax upon knowledge or the distribution of mental light. Every school society in the State of Connecticut must hold an annual meeting, appoint a clerk, treasurer, a committee of management, committee for each school district within the limits, and a number (not exceeding nine) of persons to act as visitors. The districts can levy a tax for the erection or repair of a school house, and furnishing it with proper accommodations. The committee of the district, with the approbation of the visitors, who examine and approve, can appoint the teacher. The school fund is under the control of a commissioner, who pays its proceeds to the State treasurer, by whom it is transmitted, semi-annually, to such societies as have conformed to the law, and in proportion to the number of children between the ages of four and sixteen. These societies distribute the amount amongst the several districts. Under this arrangement, it cannot be denied that the schools have flourished, and instruction extended to that degree, that for a period of sixty years not one ever appeared in the courts of justice unable to write his name.

Notwithstanding the efforts made on behalf of a general diffusion of the elements of knowledge throughout this country, it was supposed that, not long since, in the States south and west of New-York and New Jersey, 1,400,000 children were wholly without the means of instruction. The announcement of this fact is sufficient, we should imagine, to arouse the most profound attention of, and create the deepest anxiety in the bosom of, every philanthropist. The necessity of educating the people of a free government is admitted on every side ; and yet, through a culpable inertness on the part of those whose duty it is to move forward in this momentous subject, an immense portion of those into whose hands the destinies of this last sanctuary of freedom must be delivered, is left in total darkness, and wholly unacquainted with the information necessary

to the formation of valuable citizens. The cause of freedom — the tranquillity of our country — the present happiness and future prosperity of millions demand activity, and exhort the people of the United States to unite in “a crusade against ignorance :” — a crusade in which every true knight who rallies under the holy standard, can lay the flattering unction to his heart that he is the champion of the cause of truth, and of the disenfranchisement of the human mind from the most debasing species of servitude. Let the watchword be in the ever-vigilant camp of the faithful — Liberty and Education.

The spirit of improvement, armed with unyielding perseverance, has invaded the nations of Europe, and aroused their governments to assist in the promotion of the education of the people. We are not aware of the character of the instruction given by many of the despotic regencies ; but nevertheless it is gratifying to every liberal mind to learn, that even the rudiments are imparted to the great mass of the population. The rulers may for a time cramp the energies of their subjects — they may endeavour to direct the impressions and feelings of children towards the particular form of government under which they may be educated ; but if they place in the hands of the people the instruments whereby they can obtain a knowledge of their rights, sooner or later they will be enabled to acquire them. An educated people is armed with the strength of Briarius. A single ray of light may be sufficient to disclose to the oppressed (as to the prisoner of Chillon) the horror of his dungeon, and at the same time to develop the means of obtaining relief from bondage. Gloomy crypts of the huge pile of misgovernment rise before us,

massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray,
A sunbeam, which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick walls, is fallen and left
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp.

Austria obliges every person having charge of children between the ages of 6 and 12, to send them to school. Strict examination is made as to the number of children ; the poor are provided with books. Corporal or any degrading punishments are excluded from the discipline of the schools. In Switzerland education is regulated by a council of instruction appointed by the government. The funds whereby the schools are sustained are supplied in part by the pupils, and the residue by the public treasury. Institutions for the preparation of teachers have been established in several cantons, and under the guidance of men of great literary acquirements.

How refreshing must it be to witness, in those very countries where oppression builds her *regumque turrets*, her stately palaces, and founds her strong holds, to observe intelligence finding its way into the *pau-*

perum tabernas! However revolting to our feelings may be the form of government, we cannot but admire the philanthropic spirit with which their subjects, as respects education, are regarded.

Among the many systems of education which are in operation, none has attracted the attention of the civilized world more than the Prussian.

In a country in which government is considered but the means of making the many subservient to the few, where we might suppose that despotism could not exist with a high degree of intelligence diffused throughout the great body of the people, it cannot but be a matter of surprise to witness the great pains exerted in favour of education; and to learn that the Prussian government can say that "there does not exist a single human being, throughout that monarchy, who does not receive an education sufficient for the moral and intellectual wants of the laborious classes;" and yet, according to Mr. Cousin, this is an incontestible fact. To the inquiring mind, the means whereby such a wonderful result has been produced, must be interesting. To France the civilized world is indebted for a full account of the admirable system of Prussia. Victor Cousin, distinguished as a statesman, a philosopher, and a scholar, was appointed in the year 1831 to visit the schools of Prussia. After a full examination, he reported to the minister of public instruction the result of his investigations. The portion of his report relating to primary instruction has been translated into English, and presents in detail a course of instruction calculated to elevate the character of the people amongst whom it prevails, and to furnish an example worthy of imitation. There are many points in the Prussian system which could never be followed in this country. Separated as religion has most wisely been from the affairs of state, the connection of public instruction with religion would never be tolerated. Moreover, in this State, the compulsory system of Prussia would not be submitted to. A law compelling, under certain penalties, parents to send their children to school, would not be sustained. *Fas ab hoste doceri* is in general sound doctrine. We would not, however, follow the course of Prussia blindly; but we desire to see adopted the outlines of that system which is operating throughout a large population, and in its remotest ramifications, with perfect regularity. We admire the parental solicitude of government; but we should not desire to see it carried too far. We need no compulsory power. First arouse public opinion to the necessity of the education of children—let the instruction of a child be considered the paramount duty of a good citizen, and then public sentiment will act much more powerfully to produce the results desired than the staff of the officer of the police. Public opinion is the best balance-wheel of the machinery of a society constituted as that is in which we live. It must be by promulgating amongst the people the sentiment of the necessity of education—by arousing their attention to its value—by demonstrating its beneficial results, as not only the best check on the increase of crime, the preven-

tion of pauperism, but also the promoter of public order and private happiness — that we can hope to have education generally diffused. So soon as the people are convinced, we shall have the brilliant object which all should desire to be effected. To produce great results must be the work of time. The past labours of the people are the best evidences of their devotion to the advancement of learning, and give great hope that the system of education will be laid with a broad and deep foundation, on which the pyramid of the republic's glory and security may rise, and remain an imperishable monument of the wisdom of her statesmen.

FIRE ISLAND ANA.

NED LOCUS' JOURNEY TO THE LANJAN EMPIRE.

"If any man woulde blame me, eyther for takynge such a matter in hande, or els for writing it in the Englysh tongue, this answer I maye make hym, that what the best of the realme thinke it honeste for them to use, I, one of the meanest sorte, ought not to suppose it vile for me to write: and though to have written it in an other tonge, had bene both more profitable for my study, and also more honest for my name, yet I can thinke my labour wel bestowed, yf wt a litle hynderaunce of my profyt and name, may come any fourtheraunce to the pleasure or commoditie of the gentlemen and yeomen of England, for whose sake I took this matter in hand."

ROGER ASCHAM.

EVEN thus, apologised the venerable preceptor of England's virgin queen, when he gave to "all gentlemen and yomen of Englande, pleasaunte for theyr pastyme to rede, and profitable for theyr use to folow," that precious birth of "Toxophilus, the schole of shootinge conteyned in tvvo bookes." Glorious old Roger! my master — my father — my friend — my patron saint! Thy pupil and worshiper is redeemed from the guilt of "idlenesse and levitie," by the gracious authority of thy precept and example. Roger, be with me! *Rogere, ut mihi faveas, adiutorque sis, rogo, obsecro!*

On the evening succeeding the night when Ned's travels met with the ignominious punctuation, which has been set forth in a foregoing chapter, we were all assembled around the cheerful fire, relating our sports and various adventures of the day. Ned was in good humour with himself and every body else, for his sport had been eminently triumphant. Oliver and I had killed only some twenty coot, and a beach fox; while he and one of the boys brought in fifty-four brant, seven geese, five widgeons, three oldwives, a cormorant, and a white owl. Ned gave us a full account of his captivity and sufferings among the Pawnee Picks, and Daniel rehearsed, with much grace and unction, his yarns about pirates Halstead, Conklin, and Jones. Fatigue and sleep at last succeeded in making us yawn, and as I had engaged Bill Luff to go with me to "the middle ground" next morning, early, to lie in a battery, I proposed that we should "shut up shop," and go to bed.

"Won't the tide sarve for Mr. Locus to reach to the Lanjan Empire to-night?" asked Long John of me, stretching out his immense isthmus of neck, and putting on a most ludicrously quizzical character of phiz. "I reckon 'ts high water naaw, and his ship can scratch over the bars, likely, 'bout this time."

"It's my 'pinion he ruther smashed her last night," said Dan: "I shouldn't be 'sprised if Mr. Cypress was to say he see small piece o' th' wrack himself."

"Let him keel her up and get the water out o' her, and set her afloat agen."

"It's no use. She's got a smart hole into her, and she's pretty much water-logged, I sh'd say."

"Let 'im take out some th' cargo, and she'll go. He'd only got too much freight into her, that's all: and she was loaded ruther bad, 'corden to my notion."

"You're right, John," said I. "Good. Ned, take out Julia Kleoka-trinka, and you'll float."

"Take out *all* the women, Neddy, and thee can steer thy vessel with better success," advised our model of modesty, Oliver.

"No, no. Leave in the dancen gals," cried Venus. "Gals never spiled a sailen party yet, I know it."

"Well boys, make up your minds," said Ned, "whether you want one to start or not. You don't, to be sure, deserve to have a single sentence more of that journey, and I declare to you, I would not go on with the recital of my various and singular adventures upon the voyage, but that I want to tell you a short yarn about our minister for Africa, and a certain American gentleman, that is, one who called himself such, but who was most unworthy of the name, — a great man, in his own opinion, with whom I met at Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia."

"Julius Cæsar," pleaded I; "Ned, where the devil are you travelling?"

"Travelling? Where I actually went: down the Red Sea, through the Straits of Babelmandel, and so around, by Ceylon and the Straits of Malacca, to the Lanjan Empire, stopping on the road, now and then, to have a fight or a frolic."

"Prepare for grief, boys," said I, in deep despondence, tumbling back upon the straw. "You've got into a scrape by urging your last petition. He'll talk to the end of next week. Good night."

"No, my sweet boy, you don't escape in that way," replied Ned, pulling me up with a grip which I was fain to obey: "you have contributed more than any one else to fit out this expedition, and I swear you shall have your share of the proceeds."

"Don't trouble yourself about the returns now. I'll settle with you, as ship's husband and supercargo, when you get back. Good bye. A pleasant voyage to you."

"No, no. Come back : come back. A press-gang has got hold of you. You must go with me."

"Don't : don't ship me, Ned : I'm not an able seaman. I can neither reef nor steer."

"Make him steward's mate, Mr. Locus," said Dan, with a malicious grin. "He can bile coffee, and mix liquor for you, when your throat gits hoarse callen to th' crew."

"I'll do it, Dan. Cypress, you are hereby appointed steward's mate of the felucca "Shiras Suez." Look to your duty. There is your pay in advance, and here — (filling my champagne glass) — is money to furnish supplies to Mecca."

Resistance was in vain. I was duly installed. "Now, Ned, what do you want?"

"A very light duty, Cypress. Your ears, and occasional tongue. I know my course, but I forget the name of the man whom I want to glorify. What is it?"

"How, in the name of all the Mahometan saints, should I know?"

"Repeat me those lines of Anacreon which we used to sing and mumble in school, when we were 'making believe' study."

"How can that help you? Do you mean 'Θελω λεγειν.'?"

"Yes : yes. That is it —

'Θελω λεγειν Ατρειδας
'Θελω δε Καδμουν αδειν' —

I wish to sing of Cadmus. I want to tell you, boys, about Mr. Agamemnon Hermanus Spinosus Cadmus. Did you ever know him, Cypress?"

"O, perfectly well," replied I, thinking to bother Ned. "He was a descendant of Longoboos, one of the sons of Atreus, whose name, by the by, I perceive, is omitted in Charles Anthon's last, otherwise unexceptionable, edition of Lempriere. He was a regularly born boy, nevertheless, and he possessed a decidedly more dignified disposition and deportment than his brothers Menelaus, and Agamemnon."

"*Many laws?* d——n him," cried Venus. "He was in favour of plenty of banks, and legislaten, I 'spose."

"Historians differ upon that point, Venus. He was a brave fellow, at all events. Lactantius records, in his 'de ira divina,' that Menelaus and Agamemnon, instead of being kings, were most distinct democrats ; men who had rather eat a plain republican bowl of bread and milk with an honest farmer, than to be clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and sit within the blessed sound of the divine action of royal grinders. The other youth, on the contrary, he says, was against universal suffrage, and in favour of the doctrine that no man can love his country, or feel an interest in her welfare, unless he has got plenty of money."

"D——n him! then, 'stead o' t'other fellow," interposed the republican critic again.

"His practice," I continued, not taking notice of the interruption, "followed out his principles. He contrived to get appointed a Colonel in the militia, and then started to travel in foreign parts. He drove into Corinth a coach and six, with outriders, spending his money, all the way, with the profusion of a prince. *Lais* was at this time in the full blow of her glory. *Cadmus* bought off *Alcibiades* for a hundred thousand drachmas, and set her up in the most magnificent style. It was in reference to him that *Diogenes*, the Cynic, perpetrated that jealous snarl, '*non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.*'"

"Mr. Locus," said Dan, "I'm 'feard the steward's mate's taken command o' th' ship, and he's sarven out his darned Latin 'stead o' th' regler ship's allowance."

"Cypress, I've been thinking you might as well tell the story yourself. You seem to know all about it."

"No, no. I beg pardon, Ned. Go on, go on. I was only helping hoist sail, and throw off."

"Well, boys, now stop this deviltry, and I'll start. Where did I leave off, last night?"

"You stopped when you got 'sleep in *Julia Kle — cre — kle — cre —*"

"*Kleokatrinka's* lap," finished I.

"No, that was the Siberian puppy dog," said Ned.

"What's the odds what country the puppy belonged to?" inquired Raynor, chuckling, and who knew that a fair hit was always welcome, come when, and come upon whom, it might.

"It must have been yourself, Ned," said I. "You like to take your comfort —

*ἡ αἰ γὰρ αἰ μαλακῶς κρησθῶντι μα καθενεν.**

* Theoc. In idyl. entit. "Syracusan ladies dressing to go to a blow out." — Proverbium est quo utitur Proxinoe de ancilla Eunoe, Gorgonem alloquens. [Eunoe was doubtless an Irish damsel. Spelt, more correctly, "You-know-her. — Noah Webster.] Doctissimus Toupius sic optime reddit: *the cat likes fish, but is afraid to wet her feet.* "Quod salsum," inquit, — (it was no joke for Ned, in this instance, and the translation is, in my opinion, absurd) — et ad Eunoam referendum, hominem mollem, delicatulam, otio atque inertiae deditam. [Epist. ad Warb. p. 33 — plura vide in notas in Theoc.] Mihi quidem, Hercle, non fit verisimile. Ratione multo magis prædita Thomae Little explicatio videtur —

"Turn to me, love, the morning rays

"Are beaming o'er thy beauteous face:"

Et, ut poetice illustrat scholiastes eximius Doctor Drake,

"The heart that riots in possession's dream

"But feasts on his own decay,

"As the snow wreath welcomes the sun's warm beam,

"And smiles as it melts away."

[Fitzius Viridis Halleck comment.]

"These explications like us not," say the Committee "on Greek mysteries" of the Historical Society, in their last semi-annual report, "we own, most experienced and judicious gentlemen, members component of our body, who are cognisant of the nature of cats, and likewise of the best places for taking comfort. The judgment of your

"Raynor," sung out Ned, getting a little vexed, "I wish you would fine that young gentleman. What was the punishment we determined to inflict upon him the next time he quoted Heathen languages wrongly, or inappositely?"

"A basket of champagne. Shall I have to send one of the boys across to Islip, or Jim Smith's, to-morrow morning?"

"Yes, either for him or me, for I make a complaint against him. Summon the Court of Dover, strait off. Crier! Peter! call the Court!"

"It will take too long, Ned," said I. "I'll leave it to Venus and Peter. They shall be the court, with full powers. Each man state his case, and we'll be bound by their judgment."

"Done," answered Ned. "We'll waive the installation and ceremony of opening. — Gentlemen of the Court, we were talking of dogs; and I say that to make a quotation about cats, and apply it to the more noble canine tribe, is supremely inappropriate, not to say highly ridiculous."

"That stands to reason, — seems to me," said Venus.

"Now, your Honours, the culprit whom I have charged, has bored us with a pretended illustration of his weak wit, from a dissolute pagan named Theocritus — I remember him well, for I was compelled, once on a season, to be familiar with him; — and he has substituted the effeminacy of lazy cats, for the sensibly drowsiness of high-spirited, hard-working pointers. 'Γαλαται' means 'cats.'"

"I should think it meant 'gals,'" cried out one of the boys. "Mr. Cypress, you're safe. You'll have Venus on your side."

"Order, order in the Court," cried the crier Judge.

"May it please your Honours, that is the whole of my case, and I will conclude by expressing the most exalted confidence in the wisdom, discrimination, learning, and sense of justice of this most reverend and respectable tribunal."

Alexander Africanus Maximus, President of "the Universal Court of Dover of the whole world," (surnamed Aleck Niger, from his successful exploration of the sources of that black-region river, as well as of divers other more mixed fluids,) could not have made a better speech, even if he had had the immortal George, George the First in the republic, to prompt him. But I did not despair. I happened to know that it was not always rowing straight ahead that wins a race, or that talking sense and truth always gains a cause. Judges and juries, in spite of their affectation of stern, solemn, unfluctuating purpose, are like the tides. They have their currents, and eddies, and under-currents. There is a moon in law and morals, as well as a moon in physics. I blame not the tides, nor do I condemn the courts. — "I tax not you, ye Elements, with injustice." — They are both, I trust, insensible to, and

committee, after much practice and comparison of notes, is, that the poet simply intended to say that cats love to sleep 'in pleasant places,' and that the most bucolical Syracusan had none other, covert or concealed phantasy." [N. Y. Hist. Soc. mem. Cur. 1832.] — "De hac re dubito." [Peter.] "Judge ye." [Excusoris diabolus.]

innocent of, the influence which makes them swell and fall. But, as Peter once said, in one of his happy momonts, "the tides owns the moon, and men's judges, and judges is men, and they know who can give 'em a lift best." I had been told, moreover, that many a cause was determined upon some incidental or collateral point, that had nothing to do, in reality, with the merits of the case.

"May it please the Court," I began; "or may it displease the Court, just as their omnipotence pleases." There I was one point ahead of Ned, in the Court of Dover; for that court always respects an impudent compliment. "I am accused of making an irreverend abduction from the discourses of a most exemplary fisherman."

"Fisherman!" cried both the Judges simultaneously. "Was he a fisherman?"

"Most distinctly, may it please the Court," I replied.

"That alters the case; brother Venus, don't you think so?" said Judge Peter, turning to his learned coadjutor.

"It makes a smart deal o' difference, I sh'd say," responded the worthy associate. "But 'spose he only fished for flounders and eels, and sich; would'nt it make no odds?"

"Have my doubts, brother."

"It is false," cried Ned, hard to be restrained. "Theocritus never ——"

"Silence — silence," thundered the Judges." "The court never doubts when it's indifferent. Mr. Locus, you're fined drinks all 'round, and a paper o' tobacco, for disrespect to the joined-issued tribunals o' your country. Proceed, Mr. Cypress."

"Your Honours will perceive that my accuser has other objects in view than the mere unjust persecution of my humble self. But I will not refer to them. The whole case may be thus succinctly and successfully defend d. I am charged with making an in-apposite quotation, contrary to the statutes of the Beach. I spoke of cats. Now, your Honours, are not cats four-legged animals? I appeal to the Court's own sense of justice and physical fitness. ——"

"He talks like a book, brother Peter."

"Then here," (holding up the fox I had shot, and who was my junior counsel on the argument,) "has not this fox four legs?"

"A'nt one o' them *fore* legs shot off?" asked Judge Peter, *dubitans*.

"No, your Honour, it is only a little crippled. Now we all know, and there needs no argument to prove, that a dog runs on four feet: and so a cat is like a fox, and a dog is like a fox, and things that are equal to the same are equal to one another; and so a cat is a dog, and a dog is a cat; and so, your Honours, I trust I have established my defence, and that I have not misused words, and that Mr. Locus must pay for the champagne."

"Them's my sentiments, brother Venus. Things what's like is sar-

tenly like, and them what's the same must be the same, nor they can't be no otherwise, as I can fix it."

"I coincide with the last speaker," pronounced Venus. "Peter, who is Chief Justice?"

"I am. No: you be. Go ahead. Stick it on."

"Respected fellow-citizens, and criminals in general: the judgment o' this expiscious court is that the fines agin Mr. Locus, already expounded, stands good, and he pays the champagne. As for th' rest o' th' company, (extracten the Judges, who is not liable to human frailty,) they'll pay a small glass to each o' the Judges a piece when they get 'shore, on 'count not making disturbance, so as to give the Court a chance to show the magnitude o' its justice, and the power thereof; and the defendant will stand over 'till the next meeten o' th' court. Zoph, be crier. Crier, 'journal the Court."

TO —.

WEEP on — weep on — we wail the dead:

Now by those humid lids I swear,

For every tear of woe they shed,

My heart shall bleed a drop as dear.

Oh! torture's last convulsive sigh!

Oh! all the pangs that wring the brow,

When souls of guilt despairing die,

Were heaven to what I suffer now.

Nay, look not thus — wert thou but blest,

Erect and calm my soul could bear,

To prison, in this aching breast,

The writhings of its own despair.

The flame that sears my burning brain

Should never force one stifled groan,

So I might take thy load of pain,

And bear its weary weight alone.

Yet when in calm and sullen gloom

Oblivion's waveless stream shall roll,

A sun shall beam beyond the tomb,

To light the hope-abandon'd soul.

Soon may that orb of peace arise,

That we may seek a purer sphere,

And taste that bliss in purer skies,

By man and fate denied us here.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MEXICAN TOURIST.

NUMBER FOUR.

WE laid ourselves down in our places, (at Ojo del Agua,) and made our arrangements, as well as we could among so much discomfort, to be comfortable ; or, if not, to fall asleep and forget it. Mr. Grimes, the Major, and William were soon sound asleep accordingly. De Schuchareff, at the upper end of the room, was still arranging his carpet bag, which would not take, with all his labour, the exact shape and softness of a pillow ; and I lay near the door, with my head to the wall, ruminating on the loss of my supper, for my appetite was only half satisfied. The same subject apparently occupied Sir John ; he sat on the edge of the board that was to serve him for a bed, and having taken his left foot into his lap, he rested his right elbow upon it, and then his head on his right hand, and was as still as a statue. One feeble candle, — a mere greased yarn, all wick, — made these things darkly visible. The snoring of the sleepers, like an approaching torrent, was increasing upon our ears, and stimulating my impatience to get asleep too and be out of its reach, when an interruption occurred that put that consummation farther from probability than ever. The door of our room was quietly pushed open, and there entered a soldier of the guard stationed here, and an Indian girl of not more than fifteen or sixteen years of age, and quite pretty ; the soldier said she was his sister, and that they had come to make us a visit. De Schuchareff came forward at once to do the honours, as he flattered himself he spoke Spanish, which Sir John did not pretend to do ; and as the whole groupe arranged themselves just at my feet, as I lay, I had the benefit of their attempts at conversation. What they said, or how they expressed themselves, I will not attempt to relate ; it was one of those dialogues which it is *morally* impossible to remember, though they are vastly diverting when they pass ; but at last De Schuchareff and the soldier retired to the upper end of the room, leaving Sir John and his fair companion tête à tête ; and here, in the utter default of language, the place of words was supplied by signs, and the pair would have appeared, to an uninformed looker on, to be engaged in fencing without foils, or boxing to slow music, the defensive part being taken by the quiet little Indian, whose share of the conversation, if expressed in words, would have merely been “hands off!” The soldier, meanwhile, seemed to be asking De Schuchareff for money. I do not know whether he got any, but pretty soon they left the room together, and a minute afterwards the belle sauvage and her inamorato did the same. What followed I have never been able rightly to comprehend : it seems the girl

ran away from our friend Sir John, who, instead of giving himself the trouble to run after her, sent De Schuchareff, who persuaded her to return; but she shortly bolted again and went into the kitchen, where Sir John following, was called to account by another pretended brother, who bullied him roundly for attempting familiarities with his sister. Sir John, who only half understood what the fellow said, looked round him in some surprise for an explanation; but seeing the people all laughing, women and children inclusive, and the place was full, he very wisely laughed too, and turned on his heel. He came back to our room, followed by the prince, and the latter assured him he ought not to have suffered himself to be crowed over in that way; to which Sir John replied, that the girl seemed a pretty girl enough, but that half an hour's peeping into her pretty eyes was not a privilege worth having, if he could not enjoy it peaceably. I fell asleep while this argument was going on. But what made it all a little more ridiculous next day was, that when we were three or four leagues from Ojo del Agua, our muleteers told us that the pretended girl was a boy disguised, and that the whole scene was got up to play off upon us.

We were up early next morning, and down at the spring to wash ourselves — any preparation or accommodations for this purpose in doors, would have been quite beyond the civilization of Ojo del Agua. The sergeant of the guard stationed here, named to us a village in the neighbourhood, where he said were thirty men living who were perfectly well known to subsist by robbery — no one molesting them. Others had told us something of the same sort. We asked the sergeant why he did not attack them, but he shrugged his shoulders and said, — “We are only eight.” The truth is, the sympathies of the whole population here are with the robbers, and I imagine there are few men living along this road who do not sometimes commit robberies themselves. They may talk to you about thirty men that live in one village, as if those were delinquents and all the rest very innocent: the object is, of course, to give you the idea that some are robbers and some not; but they are all robbers together. Their priests stir them up against all foreigners and heretics, and they believe that they may conscientiously plunder and kill them — which they practise as often as they find an inducement.

We went on to breakfast at Nopaluca, about four miles from Ojo del Agua, a village which, from a distance, looks imposing and considerable, but it consists, in fact, chiefly of a great cathedral and some extensive old convents. The architecture of the church is of the sort most common in the country, fantastic but tasteful; the dome is ribbed and pointed, like an open umbrella, but more spherical, that is, not so flat; and along the ribs are ornamental crosses and loops, formed with tiles of various colours, the rest of the roof being red. A similar taste prevails in the ornaments of the body of the building. The approach to this vil-

lage is through flourishing plantations of maguays, and a good many melons and mameys. The open grounds in the neighbourhood are generally under cultivation, and the country is more undulating and varied than what we had lately been traversing. As we approached the inn, we saw a person who very strikingly resembled our talkative Spanish friend of the *coupe gorge*, and it was a circumstance that showed on how sharp a look-out we were, that the resemblance deceived us all, and that the same idea occurred to us all, that that man's appearance there boded us no good. It was a false alarm. We entered the inn, which was kept, Pedro told us, by the wife of his master, our friend Don Diego, whom she was now gone to visit at Xalapa. There was a woman, of the prevailing copper colour, and of about fifty years of age, invested with the superintendence *pro tem*. She received us hospitably, and provided us something better for breakfast than our fare of the last two days; and we were in a condition to appreciate and enjoy it. We had the benefit also of a good deal of our hostess's company and conversation, the subject of the latter being, of course, the never-failing robbers; and, in the midst of the discussion, she pulled the ramrod out of the gun of the person nearest to her, and tried the barrel with it to see if it was charged. It was so, and pretty well charged. She measured the depth with four fingers, like a regular sportsman, and made a grimace of intelligence that showed that she perfectly took the idea. We passed on from hence through a country constantly improving, and much beautiful scenery, with very little appearance of cultivation however, except here and there, round the little villages. In one of these, which presented a very pretty aspect as we approached it, we met a reception which made us reflect that rural simplicity may be a vastly pleasing thing in the hands of a poet, but it is capable of being horribly perverted and brutalized in those of a priest. The inhabitants of this village were all at their doors to see us pass, and at every door they greeted us with torrents of abuse. Some cried *Ingleses*, some *Hereges*, some yelled with scornful laughter, and all pointed at us with all their fingers; but the prevailing cry, the word that was oftenest distinguishable, was "*diablos*" — devils. In one cottage there was a fat woman of about sixty, sitting on the threshold, and grouped around her were as many as seven or eight women and children, of all ages, disposed so as to bring all their heads into a cluster, and all grinning and pointing together, and shouting as fast as their tongues could possibly flutter, "*diablos*," "*diablos*."

We saw Puebla at a great distance in this clear atmosphere, and supposing ourselves to be much nearer to it than we were, we held a council of war on the question of delaying a little on the road so as to enter the town by night. The proposition was negatived, notwithstanding that it was stoutly supported by the muleteers, who evidently did not like to be seen in the town in our company. We therefore pushed on, but only arrived at the gates about sundown, and passed in, after a moment's de-

lay only to look at our passports, the custom-house officer declining to molest our baggage. But when we came to the guard house, which unfortunately lay in our way to the hôtel, a soldier came out and demanded our "licencia de armas"—our license to carry arms; and as we had none, he demanded the arms themselves, which of course we objected to giving up. The soldier was positive and we obstinate; a dispute of course arose, and of course a crowd gathered round us, and of course again, in this rascally place stones began to be thrown among us. Mr. Grimes was hit on the arm, and a good deal hurt; one or two others of us were hit; and finding at last that we were not getting the better of the argument, and that we were getting the worst of the delay, we gave up the guns and left De Schuchareff to take care of them, and the rest of us went on to the inn, the Posada de la Diligencia, where we had a huge apartment assigned to us for bed-room, and parlour, and dining-room, to which last use we desired it might be applied forthwith. While the preparations were making, our friend, the prince, arrived, followed by a soldier, who brought us all our guns; our friend had found out the captain of the guard, and had claimed military brotherhood with him, and flattered him up so well, that he let him have his own way about the guns, waving the question of the license, and only stipulating that the soldier who carried the things home should be paid for his trouble. To this, of course, the prince acceded, but with a good deal of secret ire and contempt; it was so unofficer-like, so unsoldier-like, and last, and in his opinion, least, so ungentleman-like. Of course we should pay the man, but that his officer should stipulate it, it was a scandal to all the feathers and epaulettes in the world. When we had sufficiently talked this over, and had finished our dinner or supper, we began to think about going to bed; two or three coats were thrown off in different parts of the room, which had six beds, and two or three night-caps were produced, when we heard in the streets the jingling of a little bell, accompanied by snatches of psalmody from the cracked and unharmonious voices of half a dozen boys, and we knew at once that the "Host"* was approaching, and likely to pass by our window. We recollected at once all the stories we had heard of people being murdered for not showing this piece of superstition sufficient reverence; we connected them all with the lapidation we had just escaped from, and in a most un-Saint-Stephen-like determination of avoiding martyrdom if possible, we hastened to comply with what we supposed were the regular forms, in such case indispensable. We carried all the lights in our room to the window, which opened on to a balcony like a door, and in the balcony, and on its threshold, we

* Perhaps every one may not know that the "Host" is the consecrated wafer of the sacrament, which the priests carry, in case of extreme illness, to the houses of the sick. Now, as the Catholic priests maintain that this wafer is the real presence of God, they exact reverence for it accordingly where they have power; and in bigotted countries it goes through the streets followed by a procession, and every body must kneel that comes in its way.

grouped ourselves upon our knees, composing our countenances to an orthodox expression, under which every one was secretly cackling at the ridiculous appearance of the rest. I was behind all the others, and as we looked round us to the neighbouring houses for models of our devotion, we kept our places, as did every body we saw, till the procession turned a corner or was out of sight and hearing. This took a long time; I was tired out, but at last, looking behind me, I saw one of the attendants of the house, who had come into our room and was standing to observe our zealous genuflection with an expression on his face of some surprise, and as I saw he did not think it necessary to kneel, I sprang to my feet. We had copied the people in the opposite windows long enough, and now, seeing a better example, it was immediately followed, for in fact we were in rather a pretty position for independent thinking men, and a pretty while we had kept it. Half an hour afterwards the Host came back, but we treated it more cavalierly. The fact is, you are expected to show a light in the window of every room in your house where there is a light at all, and if you appear, you must kneel while the procession passes, as you must if you meet it in the street; but if you choose to run away from it *now*, there is no danger in doing so, though formerly a foreigner was likely to be attacked if he seemed to be trying to avoid it.

Next morning we rose early, and I went with Sir John to find a bath. One or two little stones were thrown at us, and once I was hit by one, but not hurt. The baths were good, and for flesh-brushes they gave us clean handfuls of maguey fibre, which answered the purpose very well. We determined at breakfast to go to Cholula, three leagues distant, where there is a *teocalli*, or Indian pyramid; but we were told terrific stories of the Cholula people, who were represented as being worse and more ferocious than those of Puebla, and more prejudiced against foreigners. Our landlady said a German painter had been near being killed there a few days before: he had attempted to sketch the pyramid, and being interrupted by a mob, whose questions he could not understand, they pressed so hard upon him, that he was forced to take refuge in the monastery, defending himself as he retreated with a knife he had borrowed of the narrator to cut his pencil with. This seemed awful, but still we thought a mob that could be kept at bay with a penknife, could not be so very fierce; and though we dared not carry our arms, having as yet not got the necessary "*licencia*," we ordered horses and a guide to be prepared for us at twelve o'clock, and went to walk over the town.

The first object to be seen was the cathedral, a building in the prevailing *Morisco* taste, with round heavy arches and square towers of open work, rather high and small. The body of the church is of vast size, and the richness of the interior astonishing. There is a choir of carven oak, in the style of those at York and Canterbury, and a pulpit of inlaid work of many-coloured marbles and rare stones, beautifully

polished, the whole overloaded with rich ornaments of gold and silver, and said to have cost \$600,000. The great chandelier in the central nave is valued at \$150,000; and behind the pulpit is an alcove, or recess, or chapel, of the same height as the body of the church, and full of gaudy luxury of expense, pictures of saints and holy families, and niches for images between curious carved and twisted columns, quite up to the ceiling, which is painted with what appears to be a panorama of Heaven and its inhabitants. At the opposite end of the church, beyond the choir, all is plain freestone and severe simplicity; the solemn arches and faint light contrasted studiously, and not without effect, with the flutter, and paint, and tinsel of the pulpit and alcove. A wax figure of a saint, the size of life, lay in a glass case near a door, and above it were strung quantities of legs and arms, heads, feet, &c., in wax, also in miniature, ex voto offerings, no doubt, for miraculous cures performed by this saint's intercession on similar members.

Before the cathedral is a great square, with piazzas, or portals as they are called here, and shops; their contents were tawdry and tinsel, but nothing very curious, only it was worthy of remark that every article exhibited presented the combination of meanness of material with all possible éclat and pretension in fashion and ornament. We went hence to see Don José Lang, a banker, for whom one of us had a letter to request him to obtain for us the much talked of "licencia de las armas." He assured us that, as we were going on in the diligence, it would not be necessary; however, he undertook, as we insisted on having it, to obtain it for us. He was making up a remittance for Vera Cruz, to go by a conducta which was shortly expected to pass through Puebla from Mexico; and about \$25,000 in silver lay on his counting-house floor in bags, directed to different houses at V. C., and we heard the dollars jingling in the next apartment as if large sums were telling over there. The conducta would go on, he told us, with about \$1,000,000, and a guard of 150 or 200 soldiers. These are supplied by the Government, whom the conductores or carriers pay for it; and the owners of the specie have no concern in the matter further than to pay a stipulated freight. There goes from Mexico usually about one conducta a month.

We set off for Cholula about two, receiving a good deal of abuse as we passed through the streets, and especially from the soldiers whenever we happened to encounter a group of them. Some stones were thrown, but apparently by very timorous or not very malevolent hands, as none took effect. The road to Cholula would be difficult for wheels, but it leads through a fertile plain, and we galloped over it pleasantly enough. I was on my own horse, with a saddle and bridle a young Mexican in the diligence office had lent me, a very grand caparison. It was in the usual taste here, the saddle having a rich housing covered with plated ornaments; and the stirrups, which are very large, covered in front with leather roofs, and having long wings hanging down on both

sides terminating in tassels. The bridle was an equally gay affair ; and the halter, which was made of handsome cord twisted of different colours, was coiled up and hung gracefully at the saddle bow. We reached Cholula in about an hour ; but our pyramid has now so much the appearance of a natural hill, that we passed by it and through the town, and made a search for it on the other side, and then came back abusing our guide, who was very little to blame, for we had not made ourselves understood. Indeed, he had no notion what a pyramid was ; he knew this hill very well by the name of the Virgen de los Remedios, whose church and convent are on the top of it ; but he neither knew nor cared what it might have been of old. It is now completely covered with earth and vegetation. We came to the very foot of it again and asked where was the pyramid ; and we went to the top of it and asked the same question at the church. There was an old fellow there whose business was to show the church, and he asked us in and made a parade of his reliques and pictures, and sold us some pulqué, for the day was hot and we were thirsty ; but he knew nothing, any more than the rest, of the pyramid. The idea at last occurred to us that the hill itself was the thing in question, and we went round it to examine the places where a steep or perpendicular side was less covered than the rest with earth and vegetation, and there we found walls of unburnt brick of rude construction, which showed that our conjecture was correct. But after having seen Humboldt's drawing of the teocalli as he supposes it was originally, we were quite excusable, I think, for being slow to believe that this hill with a church on the top of it could be the same thing. This teocalli is rather the most distinguished one existing, but there are others in various parts of the republic. It is supposed to have been the work of the Toltecks : tradition adds that they built it with the idea of getting up to Heaven from the top of it. I should much question, however, whether such an idea could ever have entered the heads of people possessed of civilization enough to complete such a structure ; besides, they had mountains all round them, and if they wanted to build towards Heaven, they would have had less distance above them by beginning from the top of one of those. Cholula contains apparently some 5,000 inhabitants ; it is tolerably well built and very clean, as are all the Mexican towns I have seen. This pyramid is on the outskirts. As we ascended it we were saluted with a volley of abuse from the suburb next us, and when we came back our guide told us a party of fellows, provided with large stones, were waiting to intercept us. We sat off at full speed ; we heard a good deal of execration, but no stones were thrown ; and our guide left us to get on by ourselves, while he made the circuit of the pyramid in the other direction, passing directly through the place from whence the attacking party were to have sallied. When he rejoined us he had a grand story to tell about the dangers he and we had escaped : he had avoided coming on at first with us, he said, because he was in fear of his life ; the rioters

had threatened to kill him because he would not decoy us into their hands, &c. &c. Unfortunately for his story some of our party, who were behind, had seen him dismount peaceably among all these blood-thirsty wretches and go into a pulqué shop, as thirsty probably as any of them. We passed a bridge on our way back, where the guide stopped to talk to the gate-keeper, who eyed us very sharply as we came out. I came up just in time to catch a few words of the conversation; and the gate-keeper, as if he had heard something quite new and surprising, was saying — “Cristianos — son Cristianos, — commo nosotros.”* — Just then he caught my eye and bowed. I said Adios, (the meeting and parting salutation here,) and he cried out, “Ah si, ahora si,”† and seemed quite delighted.

Our friends, the populace, received us as usual: some trumpeters at drill laid down their instruments to pelt us, and a stone thrown from a corner hit me in the arm. Our tactics had hitherto been to take no notice of these insults, and to seem not to perceive them; but we changed our plan and kept a good look-out, and it answered better. No stones were thrown from directions where we could see who threw them, and I have seen a fellow in the midst of a volley of abuse, stop short and shrink under his poncho and drop a stone from his hand when he saw that any of us were watching him. De Schuchareff, who was separated from the rest of us, passed by some soldiers on parade, and a stone being thrown from among them, he turned back and made them a speech, in which he told them he too was a soldier, and that their conduct was base and unmilitary, with more to the same purpose in mangled Spanish, which produced him a shout of laughter. We went to the top of the house (which was flat roofed) toward evening, to observe the approach of a thunder-storm. An Irishman living in the house accompanied us, and made us remark on a great many places on the walls of the surrounding houses the marks of bullets, which he said were tokens of “the last revolution.” We asked when was that? He said about three months ago; within two years there had been four, and Puebla twice besieged. Now this word revolution is applied in this way to the petty *rows* which concern the petty towns separately, and there might be a dozen revolutions in Puebla while Cholula would care no more for them than if they were in China. The country is in a state of complete disorganization, like a great weakened and diseased body, in which first one muscle may twitch and be convulsed and then another, or several in different parts independently of each other, but which is capable of no general or systematic action or use of its remaining strength.

Don José Lang came to see us in the evening, but instead of the expected *licencia de las armas*, brought us only fresh assurances that it

* Christians — they are Christians — the same as we.

† Ah yes — now indeed.

would not be needed in the diligence. I made arrangements to have my horse sent on to Mexico, we paid our very moderate bill and went early to bed.

The Bishop of Puebla, whose revenues and influence are very great, is one of the staunchest and most uncompromising champions of bigotry and darkness in this bigotted and dark republic. There is no other large body of men, or numerous class, on the face of the earth, I believe, but the Roman Catholic clergy, upon whom the march of intellect in the last three hundred years has not produced some effect; not merely by taking away their noxious powers and privileges, but also in reconciling them, in some measure at least, to the loss of them. I do not believe the present nobility of England, for instance, in a mass, nor any large number among them, would wish to see their order fixed again on the footing it occupied in the time of Henry VIII., and the commons trampled down to what they were then. On the contrary, seeing the rich fruits of improvement which have sprung up with a more liberal system, I believe they are generally disposed, as far as they dare, to aid in the development of that system; though some are hindered by strong personal interests, and others by conscientiously narrow views, from aiding the more unscrupulous reformers, who are going too fast for them. Something similar may be said of the privileged classes in other countries: they have almost or quite, without exception, all made voluntary concessions and promised more, except the priesthood. They only cling with obstinacy to all you are taking from them, and protest still against the privation of all they have ever lost; they only oppose improvement as a fiend, and trample on instruction as a viper; they walk with their heads turned back, regretting the days of darkness; and after the battle has been lost and won and they themselves effectually killed, they fight on in persevering wilful ignorance of the fact. Why it is that they are so desirous of keeping light out, any one may see who will study out the chronicles of barbarous ages, or travel into barbarous or semi-barbarous countries — he will see that it is not for nothing that they manifest such need of a screen. There was a woman in Puebla, a foreigner, who had been notoriously, and for a length of time, the mistress of the Bishop. She grew old upon his hands and he cast her off; but to supply her place he fixed his eye on her daughter, and actually succeeded in inveigling her to his palace and persuading her to remain there. The mother, of course, was outrageous; she demanded justice against the Bishop, of the law, but the Bishop was too strong for her, and the matter was still at this point when we were in Puebla.

We set off in the diligence then for Mexico on the morning of Tuesday, 24th February, six inside, our own party with no other passengers, and were whisked along a good road with very great rapidity. At the very first stopping place we were brought up with the demand for the *licencia de las armas*, as we had still three double-barrelled guns — our

carbines of course had gone back with the muleteers to Xalapa. The soldier who made the demand was a surly scoundrel, and when we demanded to speak with the commandant, he told us "Buequé usted" — look for him yourself. De Schuchareff accordingly did look for him himself and found him, and as it was pretty clear that we were not of the class of persons in whose hands the law looked on arms as dangerous, the officer, after some parley, relased us; but we put our guns down out of sight as much as possible to avoid getting into such another difficulty. We arrived by and by at the inn, where we should have dined, but unluckily the conducta was there with 70 soldiers, who were dining before the house. The money was in great saddle-bags on mules' backs; they had then about \$700,000. We did not choose to stop to dine, lest we should get into more trouble about the guns. The soldiers came up to take a look at us while we stopped, and one of them regaled our ears with the customary "diablos, carga de diablos" — a load of devils; but no one seconded him. He was a grim fellow, with a face full of wrinkles, a pair of very small black eyes and a low forehead, and his complexion much like that of Russia leather as it is usually seen in a bound book. This, indeed, was nearly the hue of all his companions.

Soon after leaving this place we came to a descent, which continued about six miles; in some places it was pretty rapid, and this brought us into the great valley or plain of which that of Mexico is a subdivision. There were lakes in sight as we went on all round us, and mountains bounding the view on every side. Several gigantic ones were behind us, covered with snow and half covered with clouds, and shining in the evening sun; and there were long ridges, of which the portions near us were all brown and bare, those in the distance blue and indistinct and hazy. On the right the view was very extensive, the mountain boundary very distant; on the left it was much less so, and to the left in front stood two great conical hills that looked as if they were made of cinders, and indicated sufficiently, by shape and colour, their volcanic origin; and when we had traversed a green and sunny little village, and passed over the foot of one of these, we saw Mexico still far away before us. Still we had the same view on the right, a vast plain stretching away to the feet of the distant mountains; and on the left, beginning as it were from the very ends of our fingers, and bending to the front in a quarter circle, were four or five huge brown hills. Beyond their termination, on a knoll or rising ground, stood a rude but strongly fortified castle, and farther on lay a wide lake reaching, as it seemed to us, to the city; but above the city, and the lake, and the castle and the hills, were ever to be traced the blue tops and varied outline of an exterior and superior range of mountains. As we drove on the sky somewhat suddenly became slightly overcast, and a violent gust of wind came up, gathering on these arid salt-looking plains, from among the withered scanty grass, incalculable quantities of dust, which it bore before it, enveloping every thing in to-

tal blindness and suffocation. It paused for an instant, and I saw a couple of horsemen at a stand-still, who seemed as if the wind had deposited them there in the instant; the castle and mountains were just visible over their heads, and their wild jestures and appearance, as they strove to secure their streaming sashes and gay many-coloured ponchos, made a good picture for such a back-ground. But a fresh cloud of dust arrived, and picture and back-ground disappeared from our sight in a twinkling. It began to rain soon, and the dust was laid. We drove along the causeway which leads to the town between two marshes or expanses of ground covered with pools and cut up by canals, where were wild ducks, coots and water hens in great abundance. The courier of the British Embassy met us on horseback, Don Rafaele. He had seen some of our party at Vera Cruz, and he kept along by the carriage and entered the town with us. He was dressed as a regular Mexican "charro," that is, a beau, with a broad-brimmed white hat and triple gold cord for hatband, a round jacket studded with buttons, and pantaloons opening at the sides and with rows of buttons from waistband to ankle, a red sash, and a Mexican saddle, bridle, &c., in the most approved style. He was mounted on a fine prancing charger, and was by no means unconscious that he made a figure worth a lady's eye; if he had had any doubts on this subject we should have removed them, for we admired his appearance exceedingly. Don Rafaele's attendance had a most excellent effect at the custom-house; our baggage passed unquestioned, and we made our way to the Washington Hotel to rest from our labours. Good quarters were assigned us, and with the aid of a comfortable supper, we soon began to feel ourselves at home.

TO LAIS.

NAY, think not, dear Lais, I feel a regret
That another awakened thy sigh,
Or repine that some traces remain of it yet,
In the beam of that eloquent eye.

Though the light of its smile on a rival had shone
Ere it taught me the way to adore,
Shall I scorn the bright gem now I know it my own,
Because it was polished before?

And though oft the rich sweets of that lip hath been won,
It but fits it the better for bliss;
As fruit, when caressed by the bright glowing sun,
Grows ripe from the warmth of his kiss.

D.

THE SCIOTE;

A TALE OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

“We can but die,
And he but live, for him the very worst
Of destinies: each day secures him more
His tempter’s.”—BYRON.

It was an eastern night;—a sad and solemn silence, so deep and imperturbable, that the pall of chaos seemed but just lifted from this breathing world, pervaded all visible nature; not a cloud was seen to screen the fair bright face of Heaven, save where a thin gossamer vapour had capped the neighbouring mountains of the Island of Scio, as it lay darkling in the distance. The sea slept tranquil as an infant lulled in its mother’s arms. Its depths reflected with startling justness the azure concave above, till from the decks of the stealthy mysticks which studded its surface, it seemed as if they were floating in an ethereal world between two Heavens.

A storm at sea is an event replete with incident, confusion, danger, and—till Fear takes his iron gripe off the sufferer—with redoubled retching and agony to the sea-sick. In a calm like this we have attempted to describe, all is wanting. It reminds one of that lazy, listless state of mind which, from want of excitement, man often experiences, when the present is as nothing, the future less, and the past but an unconnected, untraceable dream. It is not that winning illusion, growing out of seclusion, which the habit of self-commune so successfully fosters, and which gradually seduces the mind from the contemplation of external objects, and leaves it unfettered in its own dreaming imaginings,—but it is inanity, vagueness, nothing but a—calm. But man’s passions catch not their tone either from nature’s smiles or frowns, else in this

“Fair clime, where every season smiles
Benignant o’er those happy isles”—

e’en the restless Titan here might fix his home, nor seek a brighter heaven. But alas! war, which, like a pent volcano, ever and anon bursts forth, leading men to carnage and revenge, slept now—but as a type of ocean—to wake again with invigorated fury. So slumbered the gallant spirits that, ere another dawn, might sleep the sleep of eternity.

“Ha! Stefano, on deck yet? I thought thy watch had finished with the midnight hour.”

"True, my Captain ; but a restless spirit makes one wakeful. I but kept the deck till brighter promise should dawn upon our enterprise."

"By heaven! thy vigil then will be but short. See ye not yon heavy cloud gathering itself up like a giant to run his course, and o'er-topping the mountains of Magnesia? It is more than a cap full of wind that fellow carries with him!"

"Aye! and hark that moaning sound which booms along the ocean: his sluggard rest is breaking, and ere long wind and wave too will career briskly enough."

"'Tis well! Keep her close under the Isle of Samos—show no lofty sail—the land will screen us from the Moslem dogs till we can light them up a bonfire that will show friend from foe. When the breeze makes, give me a call." So saying, with a stern and thoughtful brow, the speaker sought his cabin.

"Aye! by the mass, but thou shalt be called in time, and Stefano's hand shall kindle up a pyre, ere another morning dawns, that shall light many a Moslem to his paynim heaven, if, as their accursed creed says, heaven be the meed of those who die by Christian hands."

Thus soliloquised the young Greek, as with folded arms his tall and symmetrical figure gracefully reclined over the rail of his little vessel; his restless eye, bright as the falcon's, beaming upon the pitchy sea, as if in its fathomless depths he could read some connection with his own dark thoughts. Adown his well-turned neck hung long and raven curls, but slightly constrained by a small red skull-cap, forming part of his rich Albanian dress. His mouth—just as of the artist's chiselling—denoted, with all the peculiar force of that feature, high and stern resolve. The upper lip, decked with a silken jet black mustache, the evident growth of early manhood, served to soften the sparkle of his lustrous deep-set eye. It was an eye where beamed the soul of thought, while its restless fierceness told but too truly that the kindlier feeling of his nature had yielded to the mastery of the sterner passions.

Through the early part of that insurrection which despotism and oppression had fanned into open rebellion against the Turkish yoke, Stefano had served in the infant navy of his country. Disgusted, however, by the preferment accorded, by the necessities of the Greek Government, to the foreign mercenaries whom the hope of aggrandisement had enticed to the rebel ranks, in a moment of pique and discontent he had deserted her banner. It was not till the marauding hand of her enemies had despoiled him of home, of fortune, and the bright smile of her he loved, that his ardent nature seemed called into action. It was the sacking and burning of the town of Scio by the Turkish fleet that then aroused, in all its vindictiveness, that spirit of retaliation which pride and high lineage from Maniote princes had made his just inheritance. Now, nothing left to bind him to his island home—his estates confiscated—his chosen bride, she who had been to him as part of his exist-

ence, a victim to the general conflagration, or worse, in servitude to the cruel Turk—he carried with him again into his country's service a youthful spirit of recklessness and enthusiasm, which the consciousness of his loosened ties to earth served but to foster.

"Yes," he continued, "yes, thou idol of my heart! this sabre, the last best bequest of my father, shall carve thee out a fearful retribution; and if now thy spirit dwelleth in the land of dreams, vouchsafe a prayer for him who liveth but to avenge thy wrongs; or, breathing still in this dark world, still record thy prayer, for Heaven's self could not make thee purer than thou art, thou incarnation of nature's sweetest poetry in soul and body too. Ha! the breeze freshens—inform the captain—pipe up the hammocks—keep her close to the wind, my lad!"

"Our auguries were sooth, Stefano! the canvas bellies finely to the breeze. Bring the fire-hulk in closer tow." Having thus ordered, the captain, who had come on deck at the intimation sent him, thoughtfully paced his quarter-deck. He was a man whose form might have lent something to the *athletæ* of his early ancestors. His head and profile had lost little, in the general degeneracy of his country, of those peculiar characteristics which we now term classic and deem the perfection of manly beauty. His eye was quick and piercing, and seemed to take in every thing in its range; whilst the lines of the face, with the compressed brow and lip, denoted thought and energy, and a spirit attuned to noble emprise. He was habited in the costume of the island-sailors of the Archipelago, with loose trowsers meeting the stocking at the knee; about his waist he wore a red scarf or sash, which secured his sabre and pistols; and over all, an embroidered jacket, with slashed sleeves, which being cut low in the neck, exposed his ample and manly throat. Such was the gallant Canaris, "the modern Themistocles" of Greece.

But the reader has been kept too long in ignorance of facts antecedent to the date of our story, and which, as they are wholly historical, we shall now briefly advert to. After the establishment of the revolution in the Morea, all those islands of the Archipelago, whose population were Greeks, the Porte garrisoned with small and insignificant forces, taking hostages for their fealty, and at the same time imposing small annual tributes in men and money; the first were destined to serve a given period in the Sultan's fleets. The successes, however, of the revolutionists on the Morea, stimulated the Sciotes to rise against the Turkish garrison of their island, which, after a feeble resistance, surrendered to their arms. The Porte, determining to punish this breach of faith, first sacrificed all their hostages, and then sent a powerful fleet to quell the insurgents. This was soon accomplished, and without a blow. Some time after, and whilst the offending Greeks slept in the happy consciousness of forgiven outrage, their town was sacked and burnt—their women violated—their garners and vineyards stripped and laid waste, and the work of desolation completed with every fiendish enormity in the chronicles of

crime. Scarce a Greek was left to tell the unhappy tale. Hassan, the perpetrator of this dark villany, now reposed, with his powerful fleet, off this ruined town, in all the tyrant's security of guards and guns ; and the present enterprise — the offspring of the gallant Canaris — meditated, with its little armament, the destruction of part, at least, of this Paynim host ; an undertaking as hazardous in its design as chivalrous in its execution.

It was in this general wreck, and during a temporary absence from the island, that Stefano found himself bereft of all that constituted to him the carnation of life. His ardent imagination, unschooled by wholesome moral, and wandering without a guide in the trackless wilds of metaphysical polemics, left his mind open to the first powerful impulse that might assail it. His dark passions, now excited more by his personal than his country's wrongs, found a concentrated object — it was a fearful monome — revenge !

Canaris, still absorbed in thought, continued pacing the deck, when Stefano, throwing more formality in his address than had marked their last intercourse, now approached him. "Your orders have been obeyed, Sir ; the fire-ship is in complete preparation, the combustibles distributed, and the magazine train and match in due order." He paused a moment, and then added, "I would crave a boon of my noble commander, if he would not deem me importunate."

"Name thy wish, Stefano ; for thou canst not ask that which I would not grant, consistent with mine office."

"That I may be permitted to lead our hazard."

"I had thought as much. It is the work of a stout heart and cool head ; the one, at least, has always been thine ; the other must be, now. Our enemy is both strong and many, and circumspection is a powerful safeguard against such fearful odds. To none would I so willingly consign a daring enterprise, if thou couldst but negotiate so wonderful an alliance."

Bowing in acknowledgment of the equivocal compliment he had just heard, the young Greek quickly replied — "My head and hand have at last found a congenial object. May the one be as ready to execute as the other to design."

"Have then thy wish ! My plan is simple, and if the wind stands, it will go hard with us but we teach yonder proud Turk a lesson from the *lex talionis*. Fortune and your own management must decide the measure of its instruction. My object will be to place you well to windward of the enemy's fleet — for I would not hazard discovery from our white canvass by running too close — your vessel will drive then with the wind and set of the sea, which, aided by the helm and their close line of anchorage, must necessarily expose some part of it. And now I commit you to your own discretion. Take with you such men as you confide in, and may God prosper your undertaking."

"I want no aid — the risk be mine alone;" and muttering, as if to himself, he added, "and the glory too."

Jumping into the light *caïque*, now ready to receive him, Stefano seized the oars, and in a moment found himself a solitary being in possession of one of those dread engines of war which had so long kept the hostile fleet in awe. Already his revengeful spirit brooded in anticipated triumph o'er the thousands of souls that his unaided hand, ere another hour, might launch into the stormy ocean of eternity. Remorse lay buried in the deepest sepulchre of his soul; and who could foretell its resurrection? "Yes!" he resumed, "that crescent which now floats so proudly in yon Turkish banner — yet no longer a crescent, but a waning moon — shall sleep to-night in its billow grave, never to rise again. I swear it by the holy cross."

In the mean while Canaris had shaped his course for his proposed point of destination, with the hulk still in tow, and all those little precautions against elemental treachery or mortal foe, which mark the skilful seaman. His vessel was cleared for action, the men resting at their guns; the sails neatly trimmed to the wind, and that breathless silence maintained, which both discipline and their secret enterprise rendered so necessary. Nor had Stefano been idle: with anxious care he had examined and renewed the separate trains which led to piles of inflammable materials deposited in different parts of the hulk, that the combustion might be so instant and simultaneous as to baffle any effort to extinguish it. The vessel* itself was old and exsiccated; added to which there was a large accumulation of old tar-barrels, oakum well saturated with turpentine, and whatever else could be found easily susceptible of fire, strewn in profusion about her decks. Dry and useless spars had been placed, as chance directed, to represent masts and yards, and well armed with the same ready auxiliaries of the burning element, and with the view to connect it with the enemy's spars and rigging. At her stern hung a heavy anchor, with a chain cable to it, well shackled to ring-bolts through the deck and beams; and whilst examining the stoppers, that nothing might check its fall at the time of need, Stefano musingly apostrophised it: — "Thou hast had rapid promotion, old boy! from the hawse-hole to the cabin windows is not so bad in one day. Well! do thy duty as faithfully here as there, and keep the old craft stern to wind, as of yore thou didst her head, and thou art well worthy! The cabin will be hot enough, ere long, I ween, to make a breeze through the stern posts quite a refreshment."

The vessels had now worked well up to the northward of the town of Scio, leaving the devoted fleet about a mile under their lee. Here,

* The Greeks, though eminently successful in this kind of warfare during the revolutionary struggle, — perhaps from want of means, — had paid but little attention to the scientific construction of fire-ships. Old, and, for other purposes, useless vessels being selected for such service.

at a concerted signal, the tow-line which had connected them was cut, and the hulk left to her own guidance ; whilst Canaris stood out from the land to secure a retreat should the enemy discover him and despatch a heavy force to intercept that movement. The intrepid Stefano then let fall a rude brown-stained sail — a common practice in the Levant — from one of the temporary yards before noticed, and continued his stealthy course directly before the wind. The heavens, which before were cloudless, now wore a filmy veil of vapour, which more completely confirmed the sable reign of darkness. “E’en Heaven prospers my undertaking,” said Stefano ; “and yon dark cloud will prove a meet pall for the vile infidels o’er whom it now seems to hover as if in effigy of their fate.” Hushed was each sound, save the moaning breeze, or the crisping of the wave as the vessel crept along her murderous and clandestine voyage. But not so hushed was the stormy soul of him who grasped with convulsive force the helm that might be guiding him to the grave ; for the fiercest passions of our nature were holding revelry there, whilst all their tempering virtues had sought more genial homes. E’en fear knew no abode with him ; but, like the impious wretch of classic memory, who challenged the omnipotent lightning of his God, he stood defying man or fate.

The poop lantern, which designated the admiral’s ship, threw a pale and sickly light o’er the small circle it enlivened, whilst its flickering and uncertain rays served but as a safer guide to an ambushed foe. The hulk had already approached within a cable’s length of it with a mysterious and magic-like quietness. The sentinels, if any there were, lay wrapt in sleep, or charmed into forgetfulness by their waking dreams ; for not a sound was heard to break the solemn silence of the hour. A moment more, and a sudden splash broke upon the water, with the rustling and rattling of the chain cable as the anchor drew it quickly towards the bottom, and then the sentry’s startled hail of “who comes there ?” Another moment, and the foes had grappled side to side, whilst the trains, like angry and hissing serpents, coursed along the decks in every direction, leaving the whole body a living sheet of flame, and revealing to the panic-stricken Turk, as it floated above in sullen dignity, the azure stripes and quartered cross of the Grecian banner !

Confounded, bewildered, and therefore without resource, the votaries of the specious doctrines of predestination made but feeble efforts to avert their doom. The wild-fire spread with eager rapidity, and the hatches forming a sort of funnel, the flames were forced out as if from the crater of a volcano, whilst the pitchy lava tracked its fiery course adown her sides. Already the spars, rigging, and hull of the Turkish ship were crackling with its fury ; and the ignition was completed by the explosion of the hulk, fragments of which, hurled high in air, came blazing among the adjacent vessels. Two of these were now reeking piles. Then arose an uproar, which was second only to the explosion. The

gloom of night, broken by the lurid streams, served but to reveal more fearfully its sickening horrors. The ear drank in sounds of mortal agony — the groans of the dying, vainly calling on Allah to assist them — the sudden plunges of their corpses, as with the relaxation of death they fell on the water — the crackling and falling of spars, and the gradual consuming and dismemberment of the huge fabrics, which but a short moment before rode so proudly on the ocean-billow, an injured nation's scourge — It was the full fulfilment of Stefano's vow of a "fearful retribution."

But where was he — the arch-destroyer — gathered with his enemies to the common sepulchre of ocean? or, fiercely and secretly exulting o'er his life-stained scene of havock?

END OF PART I.

TO ———.

I.

YES! I swore to be true, I allow,
And I meant it, but, some how or other,
The seal of that amorous vow
Was pressed on the lips of another.

II.

Yet I did but as all would have done,
For where is the being, dear cousin,
Content with the beauties of one
When he might have the range of a dozen?

III.

Young Love is a changeable boy,
And the gem of the sea-rock is like him,
For he gives back the beams of his joy
To each sunny eye that may strike him.

IV.

From a kiss of a zephyr and rose
Love sprang in an exquisite hour,
And fleeting and sweet, heaven knows,
Is this child of a sigh and a flower.

J. R. D.

Shake

CONFESSIONS OF JEREMIAH DIBBS, HISTRION.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." — MALVOLIO.

IF the doctrine of Pythagoras be true, — if the souls of men transmigrate and take up their abode in the bodies of brutes, — then, reasoning from analogy, the dispositions of inferior animals may be supposed to enter into and possess the spirits of men: being a firm believer in the first philosophy, I cannot doubt the second. Admitting this to be an orthodox belief, it becomes a curious subject for the speculation of the philosophic philanthropists of the age. The science of Phrenology, wonderful as it is, would, by the perfection of this new philosophy, be entirely superseded, as a superfluity of knowledge "neither useful nor ornamental." How much more interesting to ascertain, by experimental observations upon the genus "Homo," to what particular animal of the brute world he is indebted for the propensities which incite him, than to speculate blindly upon the probable beastly location of that soul when it has left the abode of humanity. It would nullify and render superfluously useless the doctrine of Gall and Spurzheim, upon the same principle of expediency which, by the introduction of canals and rail-roads, has abolished the use of that ancient "corduroy" invention which whilom existed as a bug-bear to the peace of mind of all liege advocates of the American system. The exposition of the propensities of frail humanity could be obtained at once, and by a course altogether free from any of the objections existing against the "modus operandi" of the phrenologists.

An unremitted attention of five years to the study of this interesting subject, has resulted in the production of a folio volume, now in the press, wherein I have so clearly elucidated the system, so firmly established its truth, and so impartially exhibited its superiority over the doctrines of Phrenology, Craniology, Physiology, Pedology, and every other "ology" now existant, that I have modestly entitled the work *Creamology*; a word significant of a system collecting, combining, and condensing the essential virtues of every known philosophy. From the sublime principles of this religion I have been enabled to cast the nativity of my own spirit, and to fathom its origin.

"Modest humility" being the grand trait in my character, I do not blush while I acknowledge my spiritual obligations to that cruelly abused and humble creature, the Angle Worm, whose animal existence — in this particular individual — being annihilated within the beak of an eagle, I have also, although in a less degree, inherited a portion of the aspiring disposition of this sky-clearing sovereign of the air.

Thus much of my spiritual nativity is necessary to account for that

invincible humility of character, that singular modesty of disposition, that "petticoat of the mind," which, like the mantling foam that veils the essential excellence of a "pot of beer," has stood like a wall between my genius and the applauding acknowledgments of a grateful world.

I pass over my "nonage," the interesting period of brat-hood, and even the precocious outbreakings which made remarkable the scenes of my early days, and come at once to that prime stage of vegetation when the green bud of youth is supposed to expand into the full blown flower of manhood. Fortune had been chary of her gifts to my dear parents, in the mere goods and chattles which constitute what is commonly called wealth; but, like Cornelia of old, when asked to exhibit their jewels, they pointed to their children, myself (I humbly confess it) being their crown diamond. Untended, therefore, by that "yellow slave," which makes "black white, foul fair, wrong right," I was thrust out to "heartless fosterage," with no other companions than my untried genius, a ragged wardrobe, and an old copy of Shakspeare. The "Swan of Avon" had been all my life to me, as he has been to other kindred spirits, a divinity. I felt myself in decent company when I held communion with his spirit. My talent, or, I may rather say, my genius, (for truly it was born with me, a veritable "*Poeta, non fit, sed nascitur*,") was and is decidedly Shaksperian. I had read myself into the assurance that Shakspeare had never had a true representative upon the stage, and out of a philanthropic regard for the memory of my favourite, I was induced to overcome the natural timidity of my disposition, and resolve myself into a determination to do justice to the bard by boldly taking upon myself the task of enlightening the age upon the true characters of Shakspeare's heroes. As for my mental qualifications for this task, the spirit of the Angle Worm holds me dumb; my "physical" are these: a person not much under five feet; a countenance singularly massive, not very flexible, but wonderfully *expressive* of certain passions; a voice delicately soft in its lower tones, and heavy, strong and sonorous in the utterance of energetic feeling, having, when much excited, a thrillingly effective break or *squeak*, which is to the thick rolling of a heavy bass voice, what a clap of lightning is to the sepulchral rumblings of a thunderbolt.

I pass over the foolish arguments of friends, stone-blind as they were to my genius: I say nothing of my natural contempt for "trade" of all kinds—I had "a soul above buttons." The "*cacoëthes ludendi*" was a *disease* born with me, growing with my growth and strengthening with my strength. Shakspeare and the world had claims upon me—my mind, therefore, fixed, firm, and unchangeable, was the stage.

I made my way to the "Far West." The world is wide, (reasoned I philosophically;) this is a great country, and with its mighty rivers, untrodden forests, and everlasting mountains, is worthy to be associated in remembrance with the (to be) illustrious name of Dibbs. Yes, here should be my field of glory; here would I reveal the hidden glories of the

"one immortal;" here would I establish *his* throne, and wrest from the tardy world a just tribute to his genius; here would I identify myself with the art I loved; here embalm my own memory with the enduring spices of the soul of Shakspeare; and here should my name become so much a part of his, that when I died, his only representative should fill my coffin, and over our single tomb be graven the effigy of Shakspeare and the epitome of our double death in this simple epitaph — "Hic jacet Dibbs."

Visions of intermediate glory, of coteremporary fame, were rising like golden stars in the bright perspective of the future. I thought of the "great of old," the "mighty dead." Sparrows! dead herrings! compared with that luminous immortality which I saw just settling in a glorious halo upon my burning brow. Honour, fame, the world's applause, the acclamations of an overflowing house, the bravos, the waving of handkerchiefs, the tears, the faintings, the "exquisite fellows!" the "go it, Mr. Dibbs," all like angel shapes, lived "in my mind's eye, Horatio."

I found no difficulty in effecting an immediate engagement in a very "select company" of travelling *artistes*, then electrifying crowded houses in the most populous city of the western world.

A night was immediately set apart for my *début*, and forthwith was announced, in mammoth capitals, the play of "Hamlet." "Hamlet, Jeremiah Dibbs," — "being his first appearance on any stage."

Need I say that I knew I should make an impression! Every thing was favourable. The company severally took me cordially by the hand, and encouraged the natural timidity of my disposition by hearty slaps between the shoulders; which last welcoming salute was a degree of familiarity which, I confess, somewhat surprised me, "considering the delicacy of my situation" and the short period of our mutual acquaintance. But there was one exception among these "hale fellows." Mr. Theophilus Higgins, the tragedy man, did *not* take me by the hand at all. Courtesy is as much an evidence of good sense as of good breeding, and, however fearful Mr. Higgins might have felt of being over-topped by the new comer, his conduct towards me was as impolitic as it was ill-bred. Had this gentleman shown towards me a proper degree of respect, I should not have hesitated to have given him certain hints in regard to the character of Hamlet, that would, perhaps, have benefited him in the eyes of the public. But I must do justice to Higgins. He was in person about my height, but possessed of a degree of rotundity to which I, in my "fattest days," never had claim. Although Mr. Higgins could not "do" Hamlet, he certainly was a very sucking-dove of a "Romeo;" his voice was so melodiously soft, so *cooingly* plaintive, that to a sensitive audience his Romeo was as irresistible as heartshorn. I was to have the assistance of an Ophelia in the person of Miss Aspasia Verjuice, a lady, I was assured, possessing more power in that character than any other woman west of the Alleghanies. Miss Verjuice was a

short dumpy woman, with fine sparkling grey eyes, one of which being set a little awry, gave a decidedly *marked* expression to her countenance; her voice was of a wiry and singularly effective tone, thrilling at times to a painful degree. I felt assured, after my first interview with this lady, that she must be an immense creature in sentimental tragedy. I need say little of the rest of the "corps dramatique;" they were each, in their several degrees, worthy of the high honour which beamed upon them, in supporting the Higgins in his inestimable impersonations of the Romeos and Benedicts; or the tragedy woman, in her bewitchingly sentimental Ophelias and Juliets.

The awful night, which was "to make me or unmake me quite," at length arrived; and candour obliges me to own that there was nothing phenomenal or otherwise particular in the appearance of the heavens on that day.

Nor found I that the sun,
As he on other great events hath done,
Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
To go his journey in the day before.

My Hamlet dress—if I may be allowed to descend to secondary matters—was perfectly characteristic, and combined an air of careless magnificence with that deep, sombre, gentlemanly melancholy which belongs to the character. Following the example of the illustrious Talma, I was accoutred before dinner, at my lodgings, in all the paraphernalia belonging to the costume, not forgetting a sword and plume. I was encased cap-a-pee—truly and perfectly attired as the representative of "Hamlet" *should* be, and as the representative of Hamlet has *not* been, I fancy, since the days of John Kemble. I attitudinized my soliloquy before the glass, and confessed myself satisfied, and felt tolerably confident of satisfying my audience; not the less so, I must say, when, on turning round, I beheld Cæsar, (*not* Julius Cæsar,) with the dinner moveables in his hands, in an attitude of unsophisticated admiration. He handed me a note from the manager. It ran as follows:

"My dear Sir,

"The gentleman with whom you rehearsed the Ghost this morning, will not be able, I fear, to support that character this evening, in consequence of sudden indisposition. Mr. Fusbos, however, has kindly offered to undertake the part."

Here was a catastrophe! I had intended to have given *particular* effect to my scenes with the Ghost, and had used extraordinary exertions to drill Mr. Starveling (the delinquent) into a proper execution of several peculiar attitudes, gestures, and other business; and here behold Pilgarlick was taken suddenly with a fit of the "old soldier," and another person, whom I had never seen, was, at an hour's notice, to endeavour "to undertake" the part. Fatal disappointment! I rode to the theatre in the complete dress in which I had habited myself, and was stared at in

the green-room by the whole set, from Theophilus Higgins, Esq. down to the candle-snuffer. Whispers went round, sly nods and winks! Jealousy all — I knew it — jealousy lest Jeremiah Dibbs should throw into the shade even the august representative of Shakspeare's heroes in the person of Mr. Theophilus Higgins. Mr. Higgins strutted up and down the green-room with a careless impertinent air, casting occasionally very unequivocal glances towards his rival. I felt confident in the powers of my own genius; I knew that I should astonish the natives, confound the actors, and absolutely nullify Theophilus Higgins. None of the company (the invisible Ghost excepted) had an idea of the manner in which I intended to portray Hamlet. I had thrown out no hints at rehearsal; I had "walked through the part," nothing more.

The prompter's bell rang, the curtain rose; presently the call boy vociferated "Hamlet." I was at the side in one moment, and in the next I stood bowing before one of the most brilliant audiences that (I flatter myself) were ever before congregated within the walls of that western establishment. It was some time before I could speak; the applause was astonishing. Thoughts of a "speech" crossed me; I checked them by the pleasing anticipation of a modest, grateful "return" at the fall of the curtain. At length the clapping of hands and the huzzas ceased, and the play went on. I expected to make very little of this scene; I reserved myself for the first entrance of the Ghost. The "Angels and ministers of grace defend us," I anticipated would be the first thorough evidence of my quality that the audience would enjoy. The scene, however, passed off with *éclat*, and I was cheered on my first "exit." As I passed into the green-room, my ear was startled by the finale of a very malicious remark from the lips of Miss Verjuice; it was something evidently concerning my exit, something about audiences being sometimes quite as much gratified with the *exit* as with the *entré* of certain performers. Malice and jealousy again. Miss Verjuice sank several degrees in my estimation at that moment. I now looked around for the Ghost, and was introduced to this incorporeal essence just at the interesting moment when it was about finishing operating upon what once had been a round of beef, washing down that ethereal substance with a Castalian draught of London porter! Heavens! what a thing to represent a Ghost!! He stood at least five feet eleven in his slippers. He spoke, and, oh horror! how he *lisp*ed! I was confounded — dumb with indignation and horror at the sight and hearing of such a Ghost. It was too late now for ecstasies. Already "Hamlet" was again vociferated by the call boy, and I had only time to beseech the Ghost, as he valued his spiritual health, to keep himself from any *increase* of size if possible, by abstaining for a few moments from any farther libations of "heavy wet." I was again on the stage. The brief business with Horatio and Marcellus was soon finished, when "enter the Ghost."

It is said that *Betterton* opened this scene with "a pause of mute

amazement;" that his voice rose slowly to a solemn trembling tone, giving no other evidence of horror than such tokens could convey. *Garrick* also was fixed "in *mute* astonishment," and did not speak until after an interval of suspense, when his questions were uttered in a trembling accent and with the greatest difficulty. *John Philip Kemble* was no better: his scene with the Ghost is described as impressive in the highest degree, (forsooth): his voice seemed hushed; his eye fixed in eager enquiry upon the spectre; and the adjuration, "Angels and ministers of grace," was uttered in an irresolute tone, betraying (says Mr. Bowden) the *amazement* of the speaker — betraying (say I) the *ignorance* of the speaker. What! receive such a visitor in dumb silence! — no violent paroxysms! — no show of passion — no terrible evidence of fear!! Nonsense. But so it was, not only with these miscalled great actors, but so it is even at the present day, (although, thanks to the intelligence of the rising generation, in a much more tolerable degree,) with those who ought to know better.

"Some errors, handed down from age to age,
Plead custom's force, and still possess the stage,
That's vile."

I knew *this* "custom" to be "*vile*," and I determined to show my originality and good sense by "reforming it altogether;" and permit me here to declare it as my humble opinion, that the manner in which I executed my reception of the apparition will be acknowledged as strikingly true and natural, by every sensible person who has, in the course of his career, ever encountered a Ghost. At the entrance of the spectre, we (*Horatio* and *Hamlet*) stood at the top of the stage. *Horatio* exclaimed —

"Look, my Lord, it comes!"

I threw off my cap, brushed up my hair, made a sudden rush to the footlights, fell on my knees, clapped my hands together and shook them tremblingly towards (Mr. Fusbos, then and there representing) the Ghost. In this attitude of fear, reverence, and fervent devotion, I uttered in a voice of thunder, occasionally relieved by that peculiarly vivid squeak to which I have alluded, the adjuration —

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us."

The effect was electrical. The audience were as silent as a churchyard vault, until I came to the sentence —

"Let me not burst in ignorance,"

when there arose one shout of applause, one universal peal from floor to ceiling. Not wishing, of course, to rise immediately from my graceful attitude, I gradually moved around to the audience on my knees, and acknowledged the appreciation of their approval by three modest in-

clinations of the head and shoulders. Whilst in that reverential position, as soon as I could be heard I proceeded and finished the prayer. The audience were in an absolute tumult of delight; they stamped, huzzaed, bravoed; nay, positively roared out "encore," "encore!!" I felt *more* than satisfied; "it was the proudest moment of my life." Still they shouted "encore!" I arose, determined to gratify them. I looked for the Ghost; he had vanished. I rushed from the stage to seek him; he was drinking my health in another pot of porter! Higgins was laughing immoderately. By main force I compelled the Ghost to go through the scene again; but, from some cause or other, I am sorry to confess that my efforts were not received with the same universal applause which greeted their first exhibition.

The next scene with the Ghost I trembled for. The thing (the porter and roast beef) got along tolerably, lispng as it went, but in a tone which (thanks to its profundity) could hardly be heard by the audience, until it came to the exposition of the manner in which the murder was committed, when, after clearing its throat, it proceeded after this fashion:

Thleeping within mine orchard,
My cuthtom alwayth of an afternoon,
Upon my thecure hour thine uncle thole
With juithe of curthed hellbore in a barrel!!!

The audience were convulsed with laughter. The Ghost was heard no more. I attempted to address the house, but not a word would they hear. I turned to the Ghost—he had quietly taken a seat upon the platform, and was—*picking his teeth!!!* The curtain fell.

TO A LADY,

WHO DECLARED THAT THE SUN PREVENTED HER FROM SLEEPING.

WHY blame old Sol, who, all on fire,
Prints on your lip the burning kiss;
Why should he not your charms admire,
And dip his beam each morn in bliss?

Were't mine to guide o'er paths of light
The beam-haired coursers of the sky,
I'd stay their course the livelong night
To gaze upon thy sleeping eye.

Then let the dotard fondly spring,
Each rising day, to snatch the prize;
'Twill add new vigour to his wing,
And speed his journey through the skies.

D.

Drake

THE TRUTH OF HISTORY.

ENQUIRY CONCERNING THE GUILT OF CATHERINE HOWARD.

[BY MISS ALLISON, AUTHOR OF THE "GUIDE TO ENGLISH HISTORY," "THE CHILD'S FRENCH FRIEND," &c. &c.*]

"The search for Truth is the noblest of employments, and its promulgation is a duty."—MADAME DE STAEL.

TRUTH is in herself so lovely, and her voice, when heard, so omnipotent, that were she to unveil herself to the world, there are few, we believe, who would not become her votaries. Yet how seldom is her form seen! how rarely is her voice heard! Gentle and white-robed as innocence herself—yet has the world been deluged with blood under the assumption of her pure and holy name, which, like that of Religion, has been too often used to "fence about all crime." The very spell her name holds over the minds of men has been detrimental to her power: for *Falsehood* has trumpeted forth that name, and under its magic influence has the more effectually and universally spread its own deceitful delusions; and so it ever will be: the prejudices, the nationalities, the education, and sometimes even the virtues of men, militate against the universality of truth. The humble individual who treads in the path of comparative obscurity, is rarely estimated as truth would dictate; but in more exalted stations in public life, how fatal to the cause of humanity, of virtue, of the dearest interests of mankind, has been this proneness of man to hug delusion to his bosom, to shut his eyes to the presence of truth: he has guarded his ears from hearing her voice as effectually as did Ulysses guard his from hearing the song of the Syren; whilst those who would have made her presence visible, have mostly fallen a sacrifice to their enthusiasm in the cause of this fountain of all good and all BEAUTY. The history of the world shows, in every page of its melancholy records, that every end we seek or desire may be attained, Truth and her handmaiden Justice excepted. Napoleon could rise from the ranks to the French empire, made by him more extensive than that of Charlemagne; could hold the destinies of all the nations of Europe in his hands, whilst kings attended at his levee; but he could not command

* The circumstances under which the MS. of this article was placed in our hands, are such as to prevent us from withholding the name of the ingenious and admired authoress. This departure from a general rule, however, must not be taken as a change of the principles upon which the American Monthly has always been conducted. We still believe the use of names to be incompatible with the character of a periodical which aims to represent views, tastes, and opinions of its own, and not to be an arena for desultory discussion; and which prefers the vigorous mental effort of the most obscure contributor to the use of a popular name, however imposing.—EDS. AM. MONTHLY.

that Truth should guide the historic pen and illumine the page on which his great actions should be recorded. Washington could secure the liberties of a great nation struggling in its infancy to possess itself of liberty, that good which could alone crown with glory, greatness, and power its maturer day; but could he secure that Truth alone should chronicle forth his deeds? And so it has ever been with all those who have shone as stars or beacons to the world.

Shall we search for truth in history? Alas! it is but the chronicle of the actions of a few men, saved from the mighty roll which time has swept to eternity. Could these start again to life from their dreary mansions, what would they find? their virtues perhaps scarcely noted, their actions misrepresented, and their vices and those passions which link them to humanity, magnified and blazoned forth.

But Truth has some votaries! Yes, sometimes one of the higher order of beings, gifted with enthusiasm and genius, has flung away the smiles of the world, health, happiness, and life itself, to obtain her; and has found that time had thrown around her an oblivious veil, which it is not permitted to human hand to raise, and the eye of human genius is not piercing enough to penetrate.

A distinguished living author has said, that "Histories were, for the most part, merely romances;" but those only who, in their search after truth, have pored over ponderous tomes and conned the chronicles of old, can be aware of the difficulty, in some cases the impossibility, of drawing a line between history and romance. Not to refer to the times of Theseus and the Minotaur, or of those recorded by Herodotus, Quintus Curtius, or Livy, how many historic events are involved in impenetrable mystery? Voltaire, quoting the axiom of Aristotle, has said, "L'incrédulité est le fondement de toute sagesse. Cette maxime est forte bonne pour celui qui lit l'histoire."

Whether, if the truth of some contested points of history could now be demonstrated beyond dispute, be of any consequence to society at the present day, it is needless here to enquire; though the reader of history, the scholar, and antiquarian may perhaps derive some gratification from such demonstration.

The greatest enemies historic truth has ever had arrayed against her, are the spirit of political party and the fury of religious sectarianism. Will the soi-disant liberal be likely to do justice to the motives and actions of one of opposite principles, of one whom he believes inimical to the liberties of his country, the amelioration of his species? Or, on the other hand, is the upholder of ancient institutions, he who believes *men are not all equal*; that it is according to the laws of nature, as well as all-conducive to the well-being of society, that men should be ranked in their different grades, according as intellect, genius, or education has classed them, or sometimes even wealth, in countries where there is an hereditary aristocracy, always ranked below the other three, in republican

countries alone valued above them; is it likely that one with such feelings should view impartially the conduct of the liberal, whose aim he believes to be (erroneously 'tis true) to destroy those institutions and level those distinctions which he believes to be the sole bond of the social system?

Fatal, however, as party zeal has been to the cause of TRUTH, ten thousand times more fatal to her cause has been religious zeal. From the earliest chronicle of recorded time to the present hour, every page is sullied with blood and crime, springing from this all-fatal fount; from the sacrifice of Iphigena, or the Christians thrown to the beasts of the circus, to the time when Christians became themselves persecutors, filled the dungeons of the Inquisition, or crucified their unresisting Indian victims in the name of a God of peace. But it presents too appalling a picture of human weakness and crime; we will turn from its contemplation to the object of the present essay.

One of the many points of discussion among men devoted to historic research, has been the weaknesses, the misfortunes, or the vices of Mary of Scotland: her rank, her beauty and graces, and, we trust, her melancholy fate, have excited interest in the bosoms of the gentle and philanthropic. Whether the charges brought against Mary be true or false, that a hearing has at least been given to the pleading of her advocates, is proved by the number of pages that have been written on the subject by the first historians of France, England, and Scotland.

But there was, at nearly the same period, another royal lady, who was as talented and as beautiful, younger, more innocent, and more unfortunate, for she shared the same cruel death without sharing the same commiseration, and for whom the sympathy of her own sex and the gallantry of the men have never been excited: this was Catherine Howard, the fifth wife of Henry the Eighth.

That Catherine was innocent of all the crimes of which she was accused, is beyond a doubt; and yet there is not a single historian who has treated of this event and of these times but has credited all the accusations made against her. This at first appears singular, and can only be accounted for, first, because the English historians have been chiefly Protestants, and consequently consider Cranmer as the main instrument and martyr of the Reformation; secondly, the repugnance which every honourable mind feels to believe guilt so horrible as must be that of her accusers, if she be innocent. But guilt, horrible guilt, existed on one side; and the question is, whether the odium which is naturally attached to it, and the punishment which justice awards to it, have, in this instance, fallen on the really guilty person.

The title of Duke of Norfolk had been borne by men who for centuries had ranked first amongst the princely aristocracy of England; men who stood as high for their intellectual endowments as for their great power and vast possessions. Rarely, indeed, is to be found a single

family which boasts so many distinguished characters, distinguished too according to the spirit and character of the age ; whether we recur to the proud and haughty Bigod, who used to boast in the kind of doggerel rhyme of that era, that

In his castle,* on the river Waveney,
He dared defy the King of Cockney.

Martial, bold, and enterprising, endued with that restless and ardent spirit which led the Paladins of that era to seek adventure wherever danger was to be found, or to combat with impossibilities on the plains of Palestine. Whether, in somewhat a softer age, the title of Norfolk is borne by the gentle and courtly Mowbray, or with the Howards offers still higher claims to distinction.

The first Duke of Norfolk of the Howard family died fighting for Richard the Third, at the battle of Bosworth field. The title and estates were in consequence forfeited by Henry the Seventh, but after a time restored to the son. Sir Edward Howard, the eldest son of the second duke of this name, was made Lord High Admiral by Henry the Eighth, and lost his life in an engagement against the French in 1513. The second son, Thomas, was immediately appointed to fill the same high office ; and, as his life was longer, he had more opportunities to distinguish himself. With his father he commanded at the famous battle of Flodden field, in which James the Sixth of Scotland was defeated and mortally wounded. For this victory he was created Earl of Surry. Made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1521, he suppressed a dangerous rebellion, and afterwards commanded successful expeditions sent against the French and Scotch. Justly great, however, as was his fame as an admiral and commander, he was not less eminent as a statesman and legislator. His great talents gave him considerable influence over Henry, who, possessing talents himself, (though so shamefully perverted,) could appreciate it in others ; and he was a leading member of the council during all the better part of that king's reign, which proved so disastrous for England. Catherine Howard, the orphan niece of this Duke of Norfolk, was brought up by her grandmother, the widow of that Duke who commanded the British troops at Flodden field. What were the manners of the higher classes of females three centuries ago, long before fashionable boarding-schools existed, or the world was deluged with novels and romances, to bewilder the brains and confound right and wrong in the heads of the giddy and unthinking ; before a three months' emigration to London was thought of any more than operas, fancy balls, masquerades, or waltzes ? The wives of the Howards, the Greys, the Percies, and the Russels, passed their time at their baronial castles,

* This was Bungay Castle, in Suffolk ; a small portion of the brick-work alone remains to indicate its site. Many of the castles still possessed by this family are more perfect, and in their frowning grandeur, sufficiently show their former impregnable strength.

surrounded by the vassals and tenants of their lords, dispensing with a liberal hand a portion of that wealth which they knew to be derived from the industry of these tenants; superintending the education of the village children; or presiding in the tapestry room, where the daughters of the tenants and vassals admitted into the hall passed two or three years of their youth, under the eye and immediate protection of its noble mistress.

Such were the female occupations of that day; and Catherine Howard, brought up by one of the noblest and most virtuous matrons of the kingdom, we find branded by crimes and vices, which could scarcely be committed by the most unfortunate and degraded female inhabiting the lowest perlieus of the metropolis,

“Made vile by want and prostitute for bread;”

a bill of attainder having been passed against the Queen upon charges which a little examination will prove, to every unprejudiced person, to have been wholly false. Another bill for misprision of treason was also passed against the venerable Duchess of Norfolk, her grandmother; her uncle, Lord William Howard, and his lady; against the Countess of Bridgewater, and nine other persons of rank, for having been privy to the Queen's vicious conduct and concealed it!! And who were the paramours with whom Catherine, with the connivance of her guardians and natural protectors, threw off all shame and restraint? Were they princes, or persons of high rank and great power, the splendour of whose name, though it could not have redeemed the guilt, might with some have formed some plea for palliation? On the contrary, we find them amongst the **LOWEST MENIALS** of the Duchess's establishment! No, this could never be. Convents were not then done away with. Would she not have been placed in one, where a life of privacy, of restraint and mortification, might have corrected her early errors? Or would she not have been placed under the superintendence of some vigilant and staid matron, whose precept and, better far, example might have led her into a better path? Would she have been allowed to reside with her relatives to bring disgrace upon their names? No; the conspirators against the life and (to woman dearer far) the fame of this unfortunate Queen, dared not fix upon any person possessing station in society and reputation; for then it would have been easy to disprove the impious lie; so to the charge of incontinence, Catherine has also had to bear the stigma of low-minded, vulgar vice. They tell us Catherine Howard was very beautiful. Could she be so, if so really vicious? It is goodness, intelligence, and purity of mind which must stamp the seal of beauty on the brow, and temper with the gentle grace of modesty, the lustre of the eye.

But to understand the origin of the plot against Catherine Howard, we must take a cursory glance at the state of parties at that time. Rapin says, “the country was at this time divided into two factions; one

which still wished for greater reformation, (spoliation would have been a better word;) at the head of this was Cranmer." The other comprised the great mass of the people, who still adhered to the religion of their forefathers, who wished to see the church property remain with its then possessors, who desired that the poor should continue to be relieved from the abbey lands, and receive their due, the third of the tythes; and that the hospitals and colleges which Catholic piety and generosity had raised and endowed so munificently, should remain to future ages to adorn and benefit their country. At the head of this party was the Duke of Norfolk, who, the historian tells us, "was as eminent for his merit as for his high birth, and who, though during Cromwell's power he was so submissive to the King's will as to consent to whatever he was pleased to command, in private grieved at the late innovations in religion, and could not endure either the Reformation or the Reformers." Rapin afterwards tells us "that Queen Catherine blindly followed the directions of the Duke of Norfolk, her uncle, and used what power she had over the King to support the credit of the enemies of the Reformation." Here we see the true and only cause that brought her lovely head to the block.

The predominance of the Catholic influence in the councils of the King was soon felt beneficially by the people. The pillaging of the abbeys not only entirely ceased, but a portion of the wealth which had been thus acquired, instead of being seized by Henry and his greedy courtiers, was now appropriated to the erection of six new Bishoprics: those of Westminster, Chester, Gloucester, Peterborough, Oxford, and Bristol. It was in Peterborough cathedral that the ashes of Catherine of Aragon reposed. Would this abbey have been made into a Bishopric had the Protestants continued in power? Would one of the above Bishoprics have been formed? No; the whole of this vast church property would have been seized by the Protestant reformers. Besides these, the priories of most cathedrals, as Canterbury, Winchester, Durham, Worcester, Carlisle, Rochester, and Ely, were also converted into deaneries and colleges of prebends. Besides, as if to disprove Hume, and those historians who dwell so much on Catholic persecution, we find "that although the King ordered the book of the Exposition of *Christian Faith* to be printed, and prefixed an ordinance declaring all those to be heretics who believed more or less than was contained in that book, which it was not possible that all should conform to, yet it does not appear that any person suffered upon that account in the course of 1541, which was the year of the Catholic ascendancy.

During this year the King went to York to hold an interview with his nephew, the King of Scotland; and it was whilst in that city, and influenced by his Catholic advisers, that he issued out a proclamation that all who had been aggrieved for want of justice should come to him and his council for redress. "His aim," says Rapin, "was to throw all past miscarriages on Cromwell, and put his subjects, particularly the

northern people, (amongst whom there had been numerous insurrections,) in hopes of better times." Cranmer and the rest of the Reformers had not accompanied the King to York; they had remained in disgrace in London, or at a distance from the court; therefore these, the only popular acts of Henry after his divorce from Catherine of Aragon, cannot by any possibility be attributed to them.

But, thus banished from court and driven from the councils of the King, what were the feelings of the Reformers? They saw their opponents triumphing in their disgrace: they must not only give up all hopes of carrying on the work of spoliation and plunder, but they stood a chance of being called upon to refund what they had already appropriated to themselves; or they must contrive some means to destroy the influence of the Catholics with the King, and to kindle his wrath against all of that persuasion who possessed credit and power. It would not do to intrigue against any person comparatively indifferent to Henry, for should they even be successful whilst Catherine possessed the King's affections, other Catholic ministers would without doubt succeed those in present favour. They knew well Henry's jealous and irritable temper; they knew his fastidiousness with regard to female honour and delicacy: on these they relied for the fortunate issue of their plot. Had Catherine lived now, the press, with its three hundred newspapers, might have saved her. Since his marriage, the King had daily blessed God for the happiness he had enjoyed with his Queen; and during his journey to York, to express his extreme satisfaction, his esteem and tenderness for her, he enjoined the Bishop of Lincoln, his confessor, to draw up a particular thanksgiving. Fond, however, as Henry is always acknowledged to have been of this wife, some part of the happiness he enjoyed it is reasonable to attribute to his having escaped from the councils of the Reformers, and to his being surrounded by those whose object was to promote the happiness of the people, from which that of the sovereign is inseparable.

It was during this visit to York that the Protestant plot against the life of the Queen was planned; and on the return of the court to London it was put in execution, and a bungling affair it was, affording but small credit to the genius for intrigue of its originators. John Lassels, a brother to a discarded servant of the old Duchess of Norfolk, and who, it is reasonable to suppose, was a Catholic, by his being in the service of the highest Catholic family in the kingdom, came to Cranmer, a Protestant and persecutor of the Catholics, and told him in confidence what he had heard his sister say respecting the lewdness of the Queen previous to her marriage! Who would now credit such hearsay evidence? We are not, however, told why, if this man (Lassels) thought his secret such a mighty important affair, he had not communicated it previous to the marriage instead of about a twelvemonth after; or why he did not select some honourable Catholic nobleman to confide it to, instead

of Cranmer, whom, if a Catholic, he must have looked upon as little better than the arch-fiend himself. But such a one would have been rather cautious how he gave credence to the slander of discarded menials.

Cranmer took upon himself the amiable office of undeceiving the King with respect to the virtue of the Queen, and was near paying with his life the penalty his baseness merited; for Henry disbelieved every word of the statement made to him. Proofs must now be had, for the conspirators stood in a perilous situation. Witnesses were sought where alone they were to be purchased — amongst disgraced menials and the lowest refuse of society. Bribery and corruption were set to work, and it is not improbable that the wealth of which the Catholic church had been despoiled, was now employed to bring the head of a beautiful and innocent Catholic Queen to the block. Henry, we are told, burst into tears when he was informed of the Queen's misconduct. But his jealousy and violent passions made him fall into the plot of the Protestants; their aim was now attained, and all the rest was easy.

Cranmer, his great supporter, the Duke of Suffolk, the Bishop of Winchester, and Writchesley Earl of Southampton, who had shared so much of the plunder of the church, who had gained possession of the property and revenues of the Abbey of Winchester, and of the manors of Micheldever and Stratton, once the private property of the immortal Alfred, were the persons appointed to examine the Queen. What justice had she to expect at such hands? When first accused, we are told she denied all guilt; but on her second examination she is said to have confessed, though neither the bill of attainder passed against her, nor the journals of Parliament state what she confessed. She was condemned by a secret tribunal, in direct violation of the laws of the country, and the members of which were the bitter enemies of her religion and of her family, instead of being tried, according to law and justice, before the peers of the realm. She was found guilty upon such evidence as would not be received in a court of justice in the present day, without a single advocate to plead her cause and demand for her justice — not even two such doughty heroes "as kept together in their chivalry,"* on a late similar occasion.

The venerable Duchess of Norfolk was condemned to be beheaded for not informing the King of her grand-daughter's incontinence before marriage; but this act was so odious to the nation, that it was thought prudent not to put it into execution, and the Duchess only suffered a long imprisonment. But the scaffold was deluged with blood, amongst which streamed some of the noblest in England. The name of Catherine Howard has been linked with infamy, and to the success of this Protestant plot may be attributed all the penal statutes and cruel persecutions

* In one of Lord Denman's speeches, alluding to the trial of Queen Caroline, he said, he and Lord Brougham "had kept together in their chivalry."

that the Catholics endured in England and Ireland for near three hundred years.

The King was now again surrounded by the Reformers, and this was soon manifested by the recommencement of the work of plunder. There were in England, before the Reformation, according to the estimate made by Cardinal Wolsey, six hundred and forty-three monasteries and three hundred chapelries. These had an income of above a million and a half, and maintained fifty thousand religious persons, besides succouring and relieving as many more, consisting of the aged, the poor, and the infirm. The hospitals and colleges had not yet been plundered, and there were then ninety colleges and a hundred and ten hospitals. To pave the way for seizing the revenues of these, no sooner was the affair of Catherine Howard settled to the wishes of the Protestants, than a law was passed, by the same parliament which had passed the bill of attainder against her, to annul the local statutes of colleges and hospitals. The Reformation, as it is called, went on gloriously; and that Cranmer and his worthy associates might have nothing to fear from the influence of any future Catholic Queen, they took care that Henry's next wife should be a Protestant, and as zealous a reformer as they could desire.

It is interesting to remark how comparatively unimportant and local events produce effects that sway for centuries the destinies of nations. It might be an amusing flight of fancy to trace the probable destiny of England had this Protestant intrigue failed. Had Catherine Howard lived and retained the affections of her husband, the ninety colleges and hundred and ten hospitals might have still existed to benefit and adorn the country; Prince Edward would have probably been confided to the guardianship of Catholic nobles, and the Protestant calendar would then have lost this "sweet young saint." Elizabeth, whose religion was ever political, influenced alone by interest or policy, and who became a Protestant because the Catholics never acknowledged the legality of her mother's marriage, nor consequently her legitimacy, would have turned Catholic to rule over a Catholic nation. The revolution which brought Charles the First to the block, and which, on the part of the people, was but the reaction springing from the cruelties and persecutions they had endured during the three preceding reigns, would never have taken place; the blood of thousands upon thousands of innocent persons, shed the hundred years succeeding Catherine's death, and during that worst of all scourges, a civil war, would never have been sacrificed; England would not have been under the necessity of sending to Germany for a German prince to come and rule over them. With William the deliverer came the debt, which, under the Hanoverian dynasty has been gradually progressing from one million to eight hundred millions sterling, and which is pressing like an incubus upon this rich, beautiful, and, spite of mal-administration, happy country.

That the historians distinguished for learning, research, and philosophy,

who have written on the interesting reign of Henry the Eighth, should have all credited the improbable charges against Catherine Howard, without investigation, is singular. The writers of English history, during the last fifty years, have, for the most part, copied their statements from Hume; but Hume is, in many cases, chargeable with having perverted the truth. An infidel in religion, it is natural to suppose he would have been impartial in relating the religious feuds of the different Christian sects. Viewing the Catholic religion as established in England before the Reformation, devoid of the good it produced, as conducive to the happiness and prosperity of the people, he considered it a magnificent and all-powerful system of superstition, raised by imposture and maintained by fraud, where the people were the prey and the dupes of a priesthood composed of greedy hypocrites and artful knaves. He hailed the Reformation as the grand blow struck against the Catholic religion; no new system, all-omnipotent as that had been, could ever succeed it. He espouses, therefore, all the way, the side of the Reformers; he exults over their deeds of spoliation and destruction, as paving the way for the final overthrow of Christianity. By assuming the right to judge divine revelations by human judgment, he saw the giving rise to multitudinous sects, which must weaken the power of the church, and by the singularity of some of the tenets maintained, and the sectarian bigotry and illiberality to which they naturally would give rise, offer to the infidel his strongest arguments against revealed religion.

I shall be asked if I mean to charge Hume with knowingly perverting the truth. That he suffered his prejudices to interfere with the correct statement of facts, few of his readers who are at all acquainted with history will deny.

By omitting dates, and by a little ingenious arrangement in the order of narrating the events of this reign, the readers of Hume would be led to believe that many of the odious deeds of the reformers were perpetrated by Catholics, or at least whilst Henry was guided by his Catholic advisers. He says "that the King's councils being now guided by Norfolk and Gardener, a furious prosecution against the Protestants took place, and the law of the six articles was prosecuted with rigour." This, as has been before shown, is wholly false. He next relates the breaking out of the insurrections in the north, and continues — "The rebels were supposed to have been instigated by the intrigues of Cardinal Pole, and the King was instantly determined to make the venerable Countess of Salisbury, who already lay under sentence of death, suffer for her son's offences." By relating this after the account of the marriage of Henry with Catherine Howard, making the Duke of Norfolk, the talented and honest leader of the Catholic party, instrumental to the death of the venerable Countess, who had already endured so much suffering, imprisonment, and persecution, rather than become an apostate to the religion of her fathers; who had seen, for that cause, one son lay his head upon

the block, and another son, the learned and good Cardinal de la Pole, avoiding such a fate only by having escaped to voluntary banishment. Now, what were the real facts a reference to dates will soon prove to us, and place the guilt of these atrocious deeds upon other shoulders, a reforming saint too! It was the grand despoiler of the convents, Thomas Cromwell, that caused a bill of attainder to be passed against the Countesses of Salisbury and Exeter more than a twelvemonth before his own fall; and the deaths of these two virtuous and venerable ladies were the last acts of his power. The Countess of Salisbury was beheaded May 28, 1540, in the seventieth year of her age, exactly two months before Cromwell was brought to the same block, to suffer that death he so richly merited, and which it would have been happy for England that he had met many years before. He was executed July 28, 1540. Henry de la Pole, Lord Montecule, was beheaded in 1538. The marriage of Henry with Catherine Howard was solemnized August 8, just eleven days after Cromwell's execution. His passion for Catherine had, however, led him to give ear to the councils of the Duke of Norfolk; for it was this nobleman who, sanctioned by Henry, brought the accusations against Cromwell in the House of Peers. Not a person stood up in his cause but his every way worthy colleague and successor in the work of pillage, robbery, and murder, Cranmer, who wrote to the King in his favour, for he felt they were embarked in the same precious cause.

The fall of Cromwell is generally attributed to the King's disgust with Ann of Cleves, his marriage with whom was the work of this minister. But Henry may be well exonerated from such an act of capricious tyranny. The son of a blacksmith of Putney, who had raised himself, by cringing servility, to the highest and most powerful offices in the kingdom, attained immense wealth by the plunder of the church; the subservient tool of the King in every act of oppression, cruelty, and tyranny, it is reasonable to suppose that Cromwell was hated by the people, and detested and despised by the ancient nobility, scarcely one of whom but had suffered from his insolence and tyranny. Numerous were his acts in direct violation of the laws of the country, and which subjected him to the charge of treason; and though for many of these acts he had the King's sanction, yet, as in the attainder of Empson and Dudley, at the commencement of Henry's reign, and lately in the trial of Polignac and his associate ministers of France, the King's sanction cannot exonerate a minister for illegal acts and a violation of the laws of his country.

As soon therefore as the Duke of Norfolk found that through his niece, he had been restored to the King's favour and confidence, his first act was to impeach and bring to condign punishment the cruel and rapacious Cromwell; for which act he doubtless received the approbation and thanks of every good and honest man in the kingdom.

It is not, however, my intention to enter upon the discussion of the errors on important points of history committed by the *philosophical*

historian, the author of by far the most popular work on English history ; errors, for the most part, springing from prejudice, his dislike of the church, his staunch support of kingly prerogative, and endeavour to exalt it above the independence of the church, the privileges of the nobles, and the liberties of the people. He passes over, with almost contemptuous briefness, the history of the Saxons, as of a race of barbarians unworthy of his learned acumen — those Saxon princes who laid the foundation of England's future greatness, under whom that constitution was formed of which Englishmen are so justly proud, and whose constitutional love of liberty may be more peculiarly traced to their Saxon origin. Hume's vindication and palliation of the Stuarts was but perhaps natural in a Scotsman, but a philosophic historian should know no prejudice of country ; he must be content to write for the few of his own era, secure of the suffrages of the many of a future age. For ourselves, we seek only to vindicate one, whom, in sincerity and truth, we believe innocent and fearfully injured. Acknowledging with gratitude all the blessings mankind derive from the Reformation, our whole soul revolts at the means by which that good was accomplished. "Do not evil that good may come of it," is one of the first maxims of morality and virtue ; and we execrate the bloody deeds of Cromwell and Cranmer, as every enlightened Catholic of the present day must execrate the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day.

 S O N G .

I.

In sunny youth the minstrel lyre
 To notes of joy are strung,
 And o'er each gaily answering wire
 The boy enchanted hung.
 His hope was free, his heart beat high,
 For she, his lady love, was nigh ;
 And tenderly her melting eye
 Beamed on him as he sung.

II.

In sunny youth to pleasure's breeze
 We set our silken sail,
 And lightly borne o'er summer seas,
 Her fairy islets hail.
 The skies are alway cloudless there,
 The fragrant bowers are bright and fair,
 And music in the balmy air
 Is heard o'er hill and dale.

III.

Ah ! sunny youth, in distance beaming,
 A light spot on the sea,
 O'er wintry billows faintly gleaming,
 We still look back on thee.
 Wisdom points to scenes sublime,
 But as her glacier snows we climb,
 How blest appears youth's summer time
 Of love and pœsy.

THE AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF WASHINGTON WILDING.

"Some play the devil, and then write a novel."—BYRON.

THE Englishman who shot himself because he was tired of the eternal monotony of buttoning and unbuttoning, was a fool for his pains. The very worst thing you can make of life is to make an end of it. There are occasions, indeed, when every man feels as if he would leave orders with his servant at night to shoot him the first thing he did in the morning; but he must have a vulgar spirit who indulges a whim so common. I never, for my own part, really made up my mind to any thing of the kind but once; and then I fancy my taste was peculiar and gentleman-like.

I stood by Niagara. The grandest image of POWER that nature has produced was before me. Of *Power*, I say, for with that are associated all my ideas of the sublimity of Niagara. It is the volume of waters that it pours, and not the height from which they fall—it is the accumulation of the mighty mass, and not the position in which accident has placed it, that strikes and overwhelms you—it is the fact of whole oceans being brought before the eye at one glance, and not the circumstance of their changing their level, that gives its majestic character to this stupendous scene. It is to the image of Almighty Power—it is to the type of Him who holdeth the waters in the hollow of his hand, that the soul bows in humility or lifts itself in sublimated awe. Here is the spot of all others upon the broad earth—and I have travelled it widely—where the nothingness of human pride comes home upon the heart: where its hopes and its struggles—its aspirations after good and its conflicts against evil—its dreams of distinction and its repinings at obscurity—its hard wrestlings with the doom to which it is fated, sink into their native insignificance, when compared with the operations of the immortal Mind that is for ever developing itself around us.

"And what," I thought, as I reflected upon the paltry part I was playing in the paltry drama of human existence, "what are the joys and the sorrows, the groping faculties, the misapplied energies, the feeble yet frenzied workings of a soul like mine to liberate itself from the bonds in which it writhes as in the grasp of death, to that Power who, in the infinitude of his resources, thus lavishes such a display of his might upon a wilderness? Can the position of such an atom as myself have been studied in the combinations of a universe? Can the destiny of aught so insignificant be involved in a plan so stupendous? Can the discordant and unsympathizing soul of a being so isolated be cared for in the harmony of creation? It were balm to my jarring existence to repose but for an instant upon that full and billowy tide—there where the soft

waters glide in their emerald depths so smoothly to the gulph below. It were joy to me to revel one moment in the boiling surges into which they break, and then, like the foam upon their surface, be swept away to oblivion for ever. It were — but why, self-deluding fool! slave of thine own sickly fancy! why dost thou let the happy impulse that prompts thee ooze away in sluggish musings upon the fate thou cravest? A single plunge, a single sway of thy person as now balancing upon the brink thou standest, and the wild fever of life is cured forever!" I looked to the bright blue sky — I looked to the green woodland and dewy earth around me — I looked on all I could lament to leave — I looked on that for which I left them all — and the proud wave seemed smiling as if it wooed me to its embrace. I looked at my own bowed frame, the unworthy offering to a bride so noble; and I thought with a delirious joy how freely my time-stiffened limbs would dance again upon those toppling breakers. — I wondered whither the gleesome current would whirl the waif that was cast upon its bosom. — I thought of the savage rocks beneath it, and wondered what strange contortions my form would be twisted into before it was flung again to the surface. — I thought of the hidden eddies which are said to writhe and turn a hundred feet below the boisterous tide that sweeps so insolently above them, and wondered whether it would ever come up at all; and then I wondered what the coroner's inquest would be if it did! I looked at my shabby shooting jacket, and linen torn and soiled by struggling over rocks and through the thickets along the river's bank, and I remembered having called for a negus just before leaving the public room at Forsyth's; and now palpably, as if of Dearborn's best printing, I read the following paragraph against the precipice of Goat Island opposite:

"We learn from the Niagara-Democratic-Thunderer-and-Anti-Alcohol-Cascade, that the body of a man, who had evidently been some weeks in the water, was lately fished up opposite Queenstown. The deceased, from the condition of his apparel, was evidently a person in the obscurer walks of life; and the testimony adduced upon the coroner's inquest made it but too apparent that he was only another victim to the liquid scourge of our glorious republic."

Phœbus Apollo! and was it thus that the epitaph of Wash Wilding was to be written? was he not only to be damned in the opinion of the sex by the recorded questionable condition of his under raiment — but must the only notice of his fate be supplied by the cant of vulgar fanaticism? Forbid it every planet that presided at his birth — forbid it each star that trilled in gay chorus when such a lover of your music was born: — and thou, old tide-compeller! chaste huntress of the emperian, who rovest in thy virgin freedom, cold, immaculate and changeful as when thou flirted'st with the Carian shepherd three thousand years

ago — thou, by whose light alike red murder bares his arm, and longing love pours out its wistful lay — forbid it, thou pale witness of many a ruthless deed, soft listener of many a melting tale, breathed to thy spinster ears alone !

“No, no,” methought; “not thus, not thus should we fling the worthless weed away; let it toss but awhile yet upon the careless gale, and even in perishing it may enrich the soil it once encumbered. The recorded experience of the most insignificant being — the anatomised heart of the obscurest individual, — if the record be but faithful, the self-dissection fearless, — were no mean legacy to leave to the world; and the humblest minds, like stars, which are noted only when they fall, may still yield a ray of glory at the last. I *will* attempt my life, but it shall be by auto-biography.” And with this satisfactory termination to my reflections, I returned, in tolerably good humour with myself, to my inn.

Upon reading over what I have thus far written, it has occurred to me that the light tone in which the principal incident is detailed might give pain to my graver readers, if any such I chance to have.

“Can it be possible,” they ask each other, “for a thinking being to pass through such a crisis of his existence, without its inspiring some one harrowing reflection, some one feeling of a more serious character, than any by which he appears to have been actuated in making so strange a confession?”

My answer to this shall be brief and simple; those to whom it proves satisfactory will probably go on with my story; those who object to it had better throw me aside altogether, for if we do not now, we never shall understand each other, and the reader and I had better part company at once. My answer is, that though for my own amusement I choose thus to fling the acts and scenes of my life before the public, yet that my feelings and reflections are mine own; that I cannot and will not bare my bosom to mortal man, except so far as a revelation of its secrets shall minister to what others are at liberty to consider the gratification of my own humour and caprice. There are some feelings too sacred and holy to be uncovered to the world under any circumstances; there are some emotions with which we dare not tamper; there are passages in our lives which should be only between ourselves and Heaven!

And now, if the reader has discovered from this commencement that I am one who has both thought and acted, though I have never written, he will perhaps be willing to follow me in the details of a life which, though neither long nor distinguished, has not been void of incident nor wanting in interest.

It was just after the breaking out of the war of 1812 that I found myself, with two or three other young Virginians, a matriculated student of an obscure New-England college. I was then about seventeen years

of age, proud, shy, and reserved, with nothing to endear me to my companions except a certain hardihood and activity in field-sports, which always, more or less, secures the favour of the young; and little to awaken the partiality of my teachers, except the quietude of my habits, which had nothing in common with those of many a mad youth around me. There was not one among them with whom in age, taste, or feeling I had aught of sympathy. My years, indeed, were matched with most of theirs; but I was younger, and yet older, than all of them. Younger in action, in experience, in that self-confidence which, while it stamps the only decided impress of manhood, can spring alone from action and experience. My faculties had never been tested by collision; my knowledge of character, whether of others or of my own, had never been shaped even by the society of those of my own years. My mind was developed in undue proportions; and at an age when the imagination is just beginning to be active, mine had travelled so far beyond the usual limits that it was doubtful whether judgment would ever overtake it. Love, Philosophy, Religion!—there was not a form of them—there was not a realm of feeling or fancy that it had not explored. And yet, bold as were its sallies into the ideal world, my mind had the shrinking weakness of a child's when forced into contact with the tangible realities around me. They called me haughty and conceited; and yet there was not a thing that I did but in doubt, not a sentiment I uttered but with the most painful diffidence. I distrusted every thing in relation to myself, except the knowledge of my most unmanly weakness; and so completely did I despair of remedying a defect which seemed an essential part of my nature, that I only attempted to conceal what I believed it impossible to cure. I was willing to pass for the reserved and imperious youth that others thought me; I was willing to forego the indulgence of those social feelings which had warmed some of the most darling dreams of my romantic fancy, so that the knowledge of my peculiarities could only be kept from others.

Born to an ample estate and with no caprices to consult but my own, I might perhaps have lived and died without having a mental energy developed, save those which promoted this dreaming and chrysoline existence. But circumstance, "the nurse and breeder" alike of good and evil—the talisman that evokes *character* alike from the palace and the cottage—that makes a hero of a menial and moulds a sybarite into a martyr—circumstance determined for me where my own disposition would never have suggested a motive of action.

It was soon after the lamentable affair of Gen. Hull had been bruited abroad through the country, awakening everywhere mingled feelings of grief, dismay, and indignation, that the students of our college, were one Sunday collected in the village church, whose white spire shot above the elms that surrounded it, within a few yards of the institution. The discourse of the preacher was suggested by the then alarming condition

of the country, and the fervid puritan dwelt upon the duties which became each citizen of the republic at such a crisis, with an emphatic sternness which would have put some thoughts of iron into the most fainting bosom. He commenced, I well remember, by deploring the original declaration of hostilities, which he averred was based upon grounds that at the least were questionable. But he insisted that, however good men might have wished to keep off so calamitous an event, yet, as it could only overtake them at last by the consent of Providence, it was their duty not to shrink from its decrees under any extremity; that it was the will of Heaven that we should pass through another trial like that our fathers had endured, and it mattered not whose act had precipitated the moment of that trial; that our duty to God and our country alike required that we should now fling all thoughts but of them behind us; that we should go forth as one man to meet the invaders of our soil, and leave the rest to Him whose blessings descend alike in the sunshine and the storm, at the unsullied altar and upon the blood-stained battle-field!

The clear note of a bugle rang through the village as the patriot clergyman here paused to add the final blessing of the service. The tramp of armed men was heard in the threshold of the church, and the summer breeze that floated through the open porch unfurled the proud standard of our country as, with uncovered heads, a band of regulars formed in silence before the door. The lips of the preacher had not begun to move in prayer, as with uplifted hands he bent forward toward the glorious emblem of our Union, before the young and the old, the sturdy yeoman and the stripling student, the bright village maiden and her hoary sire rose, as by one impulse, to their feet; and not an eye in that assembly but glistened, not a heart but vibrated while their pastor poured forth his thrilling appeal to Heaven for a blessing on that banner wherever its folds might wave.

The congregation was dismissed. The recruiting party — for such it proved to be — filed slowly away from the church door, and winding down a green lane hard by, soon disappeared behind the copses by which it was skirted. The rustic equipages of the farmers who lived remote from the meeting-house were drawn from the low shed beside it, and as each received its freight in decorous silence they trundled off at measured intervals through the main street of the village. The young men only of the congregation appeared to linger about the church, as, grouped here and there beneath the cloistered boughs of the ancient elms, they were engaged in low and earnest discussion. At last these also disappeared, and though the light laugh of some giddy maiden might reach the ear, as her white dress fluttered for a moment above the stile, while taking her way homeward across the fields, yet the calm of a New England Sabbath soon settled over the place, and left the landscape to the repose of summer noontide.

Five days afterward, and what a different scene was there presented! A company of raw volunteers was forming upon the green esplanade in front of the meeting-house, preparatory to taking up their line of march to join the Northern army, whose active campaign had just opened. There were but sixty of us altogether; and though among them were several students from other parts of the Union, yet the majority were the flower of the youth of the adjacent country. The oldest could not have been more than twenty, and scarcely one of the number but had a sister, a mother, or some other near and anxious relative pressing nigh to take, what might be, a last farewell.

The little town of — had never before beheld so martial a display, and the simple inhabitants congregated about us with mingled looks of solemnity and pride. They were grave at the thought of so many of their young towsmen being withdrawn from their number, and yet proud of the array of stalwart youths which their village was about to send forth to the armies of their county.

"I guess Uncle Sam has few likelier chaps to fight for him than old Seth Mather's two sons," said Deacon Spires to an ancient but still sturdy farmer, who stood looking upon his two boys with an air of stolid satisfaction mantling his honest features.

"Why, it requires no fool, Deacon," replied the father, "to see that them lads have got the stuff about 'em. Job, though he'd never take to his larnin, knows enough, I'm thinkin, to make a soger; and Asahel, if he's as good a hand at a bagnet as he has at a fish-spear, may as well become a captin as his gran'ther before him. I'm hopin, Deacon, it will all turn out for the best, but old Seth would have been more pleased if the young varmints had taken their axes and a yoke of oxen and gone out to the Genesee country. What do you think, squire," added he, turning round to a sallow, lawyer-looking personage who, with his feet cocked up upon the sill, sat quietly smoking his segar in a window hard by — "Do you think Congress won't grant some land to those lads when they're got through soldiering?"

The roll of the drum broke in upon the opinion which the lawyer was cautiously preparing to give while he brushed the ashes from his segar, and the old man sprang forward to grasp the hands of his sons as the order "Attention" called them to their places in the line. But the command had to be more than once repeated before the new levies could be brought to obey it. There were farewells yet to be wept, and blessings and injunctions that might have been protracted for ever, had not our captain, a young medical student of singular firmness and decision, cut short the delay by giving the order "march" in tones that no one cared to disobey. The assemblage fell back to make way for us, and then, while the old people drew near to each other to shake their heads and prophecy as to the result of "such doings," the younger portion hurried off to station themselves upon a green knoll, round which we must pass in

making our final exit from the village. A noble wych elm drooped over the road immediately in front of this spot, and here, beneath the canopy of pendant branches, a group of village girls, arrayed in white, were collected to pay us a parting compliment. They had prepared a little ceremonial to be gone through with while presenting us with a flag which had been worked by them from materials provided by the selectmen of the town. But alas! when our detachment halted to receive the parting present, the speeches prepared for the occasion were wholly wanting, and all the theatrical display which they had studied yielded like frostwork before the gush of real emotion. The youngest of their number, who were mere children, did indeed fling a few of the garlands with which they were provided in our path; but the wreaths of those whose brothers and lovers were leaving them, perchance never to return, were neglected, as with looks of concern they clustered around the sobbing girl who had been deputed to play the principal part in the scene. The youth who was to receive it, Winthrop Grey, — I remember him well, for he was afterward brained by the same shot which gave me my first wound, — was hardly less affected; but though his lip quivered and his eye glistened, yet his look was as proud and his tread as firm when he stepped from the ranks to receive the flag, as if not a feeling for her that held it were tugging at his heart-strings. There had been some love-passages between these young people, and both were blamed because they had not lead to a betrothal of the parties. Some said that Grey's now joining the army was a cruel desertion of his old sweetheart; and others insisted that her coquetting with the students had driven him away from his native village. Caring little for such gossipred at the time, I should hardly have recollected so small a matter except for the queer coincidence of the girl's being married on the very day that her lover was slain, some two months after the scene here commemorated. At this moment, however, the emotion of the lady was not less than that of the young Ensign. The banner was received with a mute military salute; and the choral strain with which the simple-hearted villagers attempted to conclude their unsuccessful ceremonial, died away in silence before the flourish of our music could echo with a more joyous note its failing cadence.

An hour after and a rapid march had carried us far from these scenes of rural quiet and college seclusion, while the woods resounded with the jest and laughter that were continually breaking from our fresh and undisciplined ranks.

THE LEGEND OF SAN DOMINGO DE LA CALZADA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. VON TROMLITZ.

ONE morning I attended Donna Zoa, the fair daughter of the physician in whose house I was quartered, to the chapel of La Calzada. I knelt reverentially by the side of my lovely companion, gazed in her dark dazzling eyes, bowed respectfully as I touched her full round arm, and placed my hand solemnly on my sinful heart when the officiating priest elevated the venerabilé. But even during this sacred ceremony my glances sought Donna Zoa, and as I beheld her zealously beating her beautiful bosom with her small and delicate white hands, my imagination was rapidly straying into errant flights, when the crowing of a cock close behind me roused me from my delicious day dreams.

I looked around, and to my astonishment beheld a snow-white chanticleer, and a hen of similar feather, confined in a gilt cage that was suspended from one of the pillars of the gallery. The watchful bird, having now commenced crowing in earnest, appeared to be wholly unable to cease sounding his shrill clarion, and continued to prolong his larum with perpetual iteration.

"In the name of all that's wonderful, my dearest Señora," said I, when we had returned home, and I found myself again alone with the sweet little Donna, "how came yonder cock and his partner to be domiciliated within the walls of your consecrated chapel?"

"What, dost thou not know that?" said the pretty devotee, with a look and tone of surprise, "though thou art already two days a resident of La Calzada!"

"Verily I do not, fair maiden," replied I; "and if the bird had not instinctively mistaken me for St. Peter—for my heart too was at the moment about to desert and deny the heavenly symbols presented by the priest, for the lovely earthly object that entranced my sight—had the admonitory creature not crowed, I should very probably have departed from La Calzada without discovering the singular fact, and of course have remained ignorant of the reason for this pious preservation of the fowls."

"Well then," lisped she, looking archly the while, "if thou wilt be duly attentive, and not vex me with perpetual interruptions, as thou didst yesterday while I was playing to thee on my guitar, I will relate the remarkable history of the feathered pair. But, prithee, be seated; here stands an arm-chair."

I obeyed, and she began:—

"A long, long time ago, a young man, named Domingo de la Villa Real, arrived with his parents in this city, on a pilgrimage to our Lady

of Logroño. Here the father fell sick, and they were compelled to suspend their journey. The son and his mother were naturally deeply distressed by this occurrence, and visited the chapel daily to implore the Holy Virgin for the speedy restoration of the poor patient's health. There one day Donna Josepha, the daughter of a rich jeweller, saw Domingo as he was engaged in earnest prayer; and while she gazed at the handsome and pious stranger, the devil obtained such a mastery over her mind, that she became deeply and desperately enamoured of the youth. Day after day did she visit the holy house to see the beloved object for whom her heart languished; and daily was her passion augmented. Nor did her folly and infatuation end here. Having made herself acquainted with the domestic concerns and situation of the family, she supplied the wants of the sick father, visited and nursed him, and did for him whatever the invalid's condition seemed to require. Domingo regarded her as an angel of light, and when he waited on her to thank her, in his own and his parents' behalf, for her manifold kindnesses and attentions, he expressed his gratitude with such animated eloquence, flowing from an ingenuous and sensitive heart, that the silly maiden construed his fervid language and glowing eulogistic phrases into a declaration of love. Unable to restrain herself longer or suppress her feelings, she yielded to the sway of her passion and avowed the uncontrollable affection for him which was raging in her bosom with consuming ardour. But what was her astonishment when Domingo coldly, and with an earnest solemn voice, told her that his heart and attachments were dedicated exclusively to our Lady Mother, and dead to every feeling of earthly love. That she ——

"Oh, the fool!" exclaimed I, transferring myself from the chair to the sofa on which Zoa sat, and winding my arm around her slender waist — "the fool! how could his heart be cold and insensible to the glowing love of an angelic woman, a heavenly creature! Had this occurred with us — and Josepha, lovely Señora, could not have been half as fair as thou — the Virgin and all the saints in the calendar had been instantly banished from my heart to make room for thee!"

Zoa moved gently from me, yet without altogether severing the personal contact. "Heretic!" cried she with a severe voice, — "wouldst thou forget the holy Virgin, and desert a heavenly for an earthly love? But," proceeded she, recovering herself, and resuming the narrative tone, "interrupt me no more, if thou wouldst have me finish my story."

"When Domingo had said to her all that his pure heart suggested on the occasion; when he had depicted to her heaven and hell, purgatory and paradise, he took leave, hurried to the chapel and prayed, not for his sick father, but for the infatuated and erring Donna Josepha — beseeching the Virgin Mother to free her heart from sinful passion and fill it with chaste and virtuous aspirations.

"Days elapsed, and Josepha saw him only at chapel. The frowning

countenance of the Madonna on the altar-piece could not purify her desires, nor detach her affections from the pious young man. The flame of her passion, constantly fed in secret, steadily increased; and when ultimately the suffering father became convalescent, and Domingo called once more to repeat his thanks for the many favours she had conferred, her feelings again broke forth in an avowal of continued and unalterable affection. Domingo repeated his former declaration, and admonished her to control her perverse inclinations. But, unable to suppress or check the tempest of her passion, she threw herself on his bosom and declared that, separated from him, she could not enjoy happiness in this world.

"Domingo continued firm and unmoved. Replacing her in her chair, he compared her to Potiphar's wife and himself to Joseph, denounced the vengeance of heaven against her if she persisted in the indulgence of her unholy desires, and then left her with scorn. But where is the female love that could endure contempt without being converted into hate? Domingo's reproaches and bitter taunts banished affection from the bosom of Donna Josepha, and—ah! Satan is ever busy with the souls of poor mortals, when he finds them straying in sinful paths—she secretly slipped a valuable gold chain into the youth's pocket, as he departed.

"Placidly conscious of his pure love to God and the Virgin, and rejoicing in the restoration of his father's health, Domingo, attended by his parents, had resumed his journey to Logroño, when the officers of justice overtook, seized and searched him. The gold chain was found in his possession, and he was consequently carried back to the corregidor of La Calzada and arraigned for the theft. All his asseverations of innocence availed him naught. The chain found on his person was conclusive evidence of his guilt. He was convicted of the crime, condemned, and executed. Josepha—the cruel, revengeful Josepha—saw him led to the gallows, and exultingly beheld him die!"

"Oh! can woman be so hard-hearted and unfeeling? Can she complacently murder what she fondly loved?" exclaimed I, and, probably to revenge my sex's wrongs, I pressed Zoa closely to my heart and imprinted a burning kiss on her lips.

"Señor!" cried she, pettishly, and sprung up from the sofa. But immediately bursting into a loud laugh, she resumed her seat, saying—"Thou, Señor, I am more than sufficiently assured, wilt never be condemned to the gallows for insensibility to lady-love or cruelty to a female heart. But keep thyself still and remain quiet, or I shall never get through with the legend."

I complied, and she proceeded:—

"The distressed and heart-broken parents of Domingo departed again, after his execution, and journeyed to Logroño; where they performed their vows to the Virgin, and, assured of their son's innocence, prayed for the repose of his soul.

"They then started to return to their distant home. But, influenced by love for their lost child, they resolved to visit once more his mortal remains, which yet, conformably to his sentence, swung aloft in the air, an object of awful admonition to sinful men and of enticing allurements to hungry ravens. They approached and knelt beneath the gallows, and while their fervent prayers ascended to heaven, they heard a voice from above, saying — 'I, your son Domingo, am not dead! I live, protected and preserved by the power of the Holy Mother! Go to the corregidor; tell him to remove me from this ignominious exposure, and bid him suspend the wicked and abandoned Donna Josepha here in my stead! Ye hesitate, in doubt and fear! Have ye no faith? Obey my words, my beloved but incredulous parents!'

"The mother looked up, trembling with terror; but her son hung there stark and stiff as a corpse. No sign of life or animation could be perceived. Yet, trusting to the voice from above, the parents went to the corregidor, whom they found seated at the dinner-table with his boon companions, preparing to enjoy the savoury dishes that were smoking before them.

"'Worshipful sir,' said the mother to the testy officer, 'I would respectfully request you to cause my unjustly executed son, my dear Domingo, to be taken down from the gallows, that his innocence may be made manifest and proclaimed to the world; for, by the goodness and power of the Holy Virgin, he yet liveth. And I would further desire you to cause the wicked and revengeful Donna Josepha to be hung up in his stead. Thus am I commanded to say by a voice from above.'

"'Old Hecate!' exclaimed the corregidor, in a towering passion, 'dost thou dare to disturb me at my dinner, and venture in this presence to impeach the justice of my judgment? Begone instantly, or I will order you to be hung also, to keep your rogue of a son company!'

"But the old lady approached him with a confident look and firm step. 'Sir,' said she, 'when heaven commands, it is your duty to be silent and obey! I repeat it, my son is alive!'

"'He alive!' cried the corregidor, with a smile of derision — 'yea, woman, he is as certainly alive as are those roasted fowls in yonder dish; and I shall believe it when they revive, return to their former haunts, and eat, and flutter, and crow!'

"And behold!" — here Donna Zoa devoutly crossed herself, moving timidly closer to my side — "out of the massive silver salver that stood on the middle of the table, rose a snow-white cock majestically, strode with measured pace, like a grandee of our stately kingdom, towards the corregidor, stopped directly before him, clapped his powerful wings thrice, and crowed shrill and clear as though his throat had never been severed by the slaughtering knife of the cook's assistant. His mate, white as himself in her new sprung plumage, followed him with shy demeanour, advanced to his side, and clucked! Confounded and convinced by this

unexpected miracle, the corregidor instantly commanded that Domingo should be taken down from the gallows, and the false and wicked Donna Josepha be hung in his stead.

"The handsome and holy youth, now fully restored to life, was quickly conducted before his unjust judge, and absolved from all imputation of crime. Josepha, despairing and conscious of her guilt, confessed her sin; though she still continued too haughty and hardened to ask forgiveness from Domingo. She was led forth to execution, her bosom swelling with rage and hate and disappointed malice. Amid hearty and universal execrations of the gathered crowd was she hung on the gallows where the pious Domingo had unjustly suffered.

"The collected multitude then besought the holy youth to remain among them and be their exemplar of a virtuous life. Acceding to their wishes, he fixed his abode here. He died at a good old age, and as many other miracles had distinguished his earthly career and authenticated the holiness of his life and conversation, he was canonized after death, and this blessed city was named after him San Domingo de la Calzada."

"And the cock and the hen?" said I.

"Verily, the memory of the handsome youth had nearly driven them from my mind," replied Zoa. "The cock and his faithful mate, as evidences of the miracle, were confined in a golden cage and deposited within the consecrated walls of our chapel. Their posterity have been preserved pure, with Castilian scrupulousness, even unto this day. Those which thou sawest are their present family representatives. When either of them dies, general mourning for the loss fills the dwellings of La Calzada, and others of their race are selected to supply the vacancy.

"Moreover, the example and the history of the holy Domingo," continued Zoa, "have so powerfully influenced the pious inhabitants of this city, that since his day love has been wholly banished from the hearts of our maidens."

"San Domingo has henceforth lost his power! I break the unholy spell which has hitherto enthralled your hearts!" exclaimed I, as I locked Zoa in my embrace, and the liquid glances of her deep dark eyes told me plainly that the gentle, kind-hearted and lovely girl would speedily have forgotten San Domingo and his legend, in listening to a tenderer tale — if her father had not just then unexpectedly entered the chamber, and prevented her passing her vows to a stranger.

THE TREASON OF GANELON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF ARIOSTO.

To those who have already perused our last number, and there encountered an article containing some account of the chivalric poets, accompanied by specimens of their style and similarity to the classic writers, it will probably be no cause of surprise to find that we have determined, in pursuance of the plan therein undertaken, to publish, in such portions as may suit our monthly issues, a literal translation of "The Treason of Ganelon," a heroic poem of Ariosto, of which the poet wrote but five cantos, leaving it in an unfinished state.

Those who have already derived pleasure from reading the accurate and animated translation of the *Orlando Furioso*, published in England by Wm. Stuart Rose, will probably not be displeased at seeing an original translation executed on a plan as nearly as possible similar to that, of a poem which Pigna, in his life of Ariosto, states to bear the same relation to the *Orlando Furioso* as the *Odyssey* to the *Iliad* of Homer.

These five cantos, which have been rarely printed, and never translated, received no title from their author; but "The Treason of Ganelon" is that which their subject indicates. The romantic history of Charlemagne is divided between two sets of knights: the heroic, as Orlando, Rinaldo, and the like; and the false and treacherous, who were always labouring to ruin and betray him, under their leader Ganelon, whose name is used with every possible variation and abbreviation—Ganelon, Ganellon, Gano, and Gan. He was of no great prowess in battle, but indefatigable in his perseverance and inexhaustible in the resources of sagacity and cunning.

In this respect the Ganelon of Ariosto is an *Odyssey*, and its appropriate motto would be

ἄνδρα μοι ἔννεπε, μοῦσα πολυτροπὸν —

while his former poem may be considered as an *Iliad*, expressing the Homeric Agamemnon and Achilles in Charles and Orlando, the Diomedes and Hector in Rinaldo and Ruggiero. With this brief preliminary notice, we proceed to lay before our readers the poem itself, which, we can hardly doubt, will meet their approbation.

INTRODUCTION.

The Kings of Africa and Spain, with their various confederates, had been driven out of France, and the former had been slain in the Island of Lampedusa, and his own kingdom, with its capital, Biserta, had been subdued by Astolfo and his auxiliaries the Imbians, or Ambyssinians. Ruggiero, having been converted and baptized, was become the husband of Bradamante, had been elected King of Bulgaria, and had bound himself to repair to his new dominions within three months. But of that no account is taken in this poem, and the Neophyte is numbered among those who look up to Charlemagne for their advancement in life. Charlemagne, victorious over all his enemies, and at peace with all his neighbours, is sharing with his brave companions the fruits of their joint exertions. But in so doing he offends the powerful house of Maganza by his liberality to the opposite faction, and makes an irreconcilable enemy of Ganelon, the head of that family and a man of transcendent abilities. Such is the state of affairs out of which the action of this Poem arises. By him a new and more formidable league is formed against France, the disastrous consequences of which Ariosto certainly intended to carry down to the fatal day of Roncesvalles.

CANTO I.

A R G U M E N T .

THE bard, who sang mad Roland, now doth sing
 Alcina's deadly hate toward the brave,
 And how she moved the fairies and their king,
 And how she went to Envy's darksome cave ;
 How Ganelon was urged by Envy's sting,
 What recompense Charles to his warriors gave,
 And eke how Ganelon, by fairies' guile,
 Was waft to Alcina's distant isle.

1

Between rude Scythia and luxuriant Ind
 A mountain seems almost to touch the skies,
 And so far leaves all meaner heights behind
 That with its eminence none other vies.
 One lonely cliff, and proudly to the wind
 Lifted, while round it stone-heap'd chaos lies,
 The stateliest temple bears, and fairest form'd
 Of all that by the circling sun are warm'd.

2

A hundred cubits steep the measuring lead
 From the first cornice to the basement goes ;
 Rise other hundred, upwards, to the head
 O' the golden dome which doth its top enclose ;
 And if a thousand for its girth be said
 Such rough account small error will disclose.
 A clear pellucid crystal, quarried all
 Out of one block, surrounds it like a wall.

3

A hundred aspects have its hundred faces
 That from each other equidistant are,

And ever in the intermediate spaces
 The lofty front two equal columns bear.
 Above, below, their capitals and bases
 That metal show which is most rich and rare,
 While emerald forms the shaft or sapphire blue,
 Pure diamond, or ruby's florid hue.

4

What more of ornament the fane displays
 I pass unsung. Who reads, or hears, may guess.
 There Demogorgon,* who controls the fays,
 Lends them their power, and makes it more or less,
 When each fifth year brings round his lustral days
 (So use approved, and ancient laws express)
 Doth from throughout the world, unto this hall
 The powers of Fairyland to council call.

5

Then each one's tale is hearken'd and discuss'd,
 Whom good betides, whom evil stars attack,
 And none for damage had, and deeds unjust,
 Or good advice or better succours back.
 They study then their casual feuds to adjust,
 The zeal, which overleapeth, to call lack,
 And their strict union so to bind and close
 As may no inlet leave to foreign foes.

* Demogorgon is a being of whom, I believe, no mention is to be traced higher than the poet Pronapides, who was himself somewhat more ancient than Diodorus Siculus. Theoclonius, an ancient author of uncertain date, whose works had formed a part of the since destroyed collection of Pont of Perugia, incorporated into his prose writings the substance of Pronapides; and Boccace has since, in his turn, transfused a portion of it into his *Genealogy*. But the original Protocosm of Pronapides was known to John Galen or the Deacon in the fourteenth century. It is a *Theogony*, referring all the heathen Gods to Demogorgon, instead of Uranus, father of Saturn; in a word, to Hell instead of Heaven. From Demogorgon sprang Eris, Pan, the Three Fates, Heaven, Earth, Python, Erebus, the Giant Night, Orion, &c.; he resided in the *Cave of Eternity*, and was the *Soul of the Earth* and the *Head of the Triple World*. He presides over all manner of evil spirits, fairies and the like, who only disport themselves by his license,

"And when the morn arises none are found,
 For cruel Demogorgon walks the round."

Gorgon from of old denoted an object of terror, and *Demos* means the people; but the rationale of the name is lost, for the present, with the works of Pronapides. Marenus, an eminent Rosiconcian sophist, says that his fraternity "disguised the matter and practice of their art under the name and fable of Demogorgon." Postel, another of them, calls the same supreme lord over the Intelligences of the Elements. *Azazel de Causis*, c. 10. — It is well known that many of the Eastern Magi, and especially the sect of Manichus, held *Evil* and *Matter* to be equivalent terms. Demogorgon is nearly equivalent to Arimanes; but it is not a term used by the Persian or other professed Magi, but invented for a *disguise* (as Maunus intimates) in countries where Magianism was not approved of. From the following verses in the burlesque play of *Locrime* —

"Alas! too soon, by Demogorgon's knife
 The martial Brutus is bereft of life" —

we may infer that the poets of the vein of King Cambyzes, whom that production is intended to ridicule, made use of his name to signify Death or Hades. Demogorgon, besides that famous and popular appellation, has another name, which nobody knows, because nobody ever dared to mention it; the consequences to arise from such a temerity are as uncertain as those of the "Speaker's naming the honourable member." All that is known with any degree of certainty is, that an Etruscan lady was once acquainted with it, and whispered it softly into the ear of a bull, who instantly went raving mad and died soon after.

See the ancient Scholia on Statius, l. 4. v. 516.

6

From time to time, (as year and day demand
 Their presence to the five years' council due)
 Some from Iberia's, some from India's land,
 Hyrcania, or the sea of vermil hue,
 Nor bridled them a steed, nor vessel mann'd
 To skim the seas, nor them yoked oxen drew,
 But merrily departed through the murk
 Disdaining aid through man's or nature's work.

7

Some choose to navigate the fields above
 By mighty demons driven in ships of glass,
 Who oft the bellows blow, to make them move,
 More lustily than e'er blew Boreas.
 Others (like him who with St. Peter strove
 False Magus* to his cost, and perish'd) pass
 Upon the infernal angels' necks astride,
 And some with wings like Dædal are supplied.

8

With silver some delight, or gold, or rows
 Of gems, to decorate their elfin coach,
 Propell'd by eight, or even ten, of those
 Who vanish at the blessed morn's approach,
 And are pitch black, with horns, and tail that grows
 Unsightly, and the cloven† foot's reproach.
 Griffs, hippogriffs, and birds of such queer feather,
 Are in their flying chariots yoked together.

* Simon Magus (according to the general tradition of the Fathers) opposed himself to the preaching of St. Peter at Rome; and he was desired by Nero to exhibit in his presence some specimen of his theurgic powers. He accordingly raised himself from the ground to a considerable height, declaring that he was about to fly up to heaven. But the arts by which, as St. Luke says, "he long time bewitched the people," failed him at this pass, and he fell down again and broke his legs, of which he shortly after died. Compare the Romance of Merlin, fol. xcii. Jocelin, Acts of St. Patrick, c. 42. The story told by Suetonius, in Nero, c. 12, may perhaps be an inaccurate account of the exploits and fall of Simon. Theophanes mentions, that in the eighth century certain of the Persian Magi endeavoured to work the same miracle with no better success. They were called the *Maurophori* or Black-robed. Theoph. Chron. 4, p. 361.

† Con *pie di strani e lunghe code e corna*. It is an old and established notion that evil natures, however they may disguise themselves and appear as "angels of light," are nevertheless doomed to carry about them a mark of their reprobate condition in the bestial form of at least one foot. The idea may be borrowed from the *Capripedes Satyri*, or from various considerations, of which the discussion is here unsuitable. Ariosto closes his description of the exquisite charms of Alcina with these lines:—

"Si vede al fin de la persona augusta
Il breve asciutto e retondetta piedi;
 Gli angelici sembianti nati in cielo
 Non si ponno celar sotto alcun velo."—Orl. t. vii. 15.

Which Mr. Rose renders—

"A foot neat, short, and round, beneath is spied;"

and intimates, in a note upon the two following lines, that something is there borrowed from the Platonic doctrines concerning spirits. Pulci uses *asciutto* as the epithet of a horse's hoof, c. xv. st. 107. But I think I perceive another meaning: Alberti interprets *asciutto* by these words—*aride, macgre, decharmé, extenué*, and by no commendatory phrase, such as neat; nor do I think a lady's foot can fairly be praised either for its brevity or its rotundity. It may be asked, how could Ariosto seriously ascribe angelic perfections of persons so indelible in their natures as to admit no veil, to a toothless and foul hag, whose apparent beauty (as he says presently after,

9

They, fairies now, but nymphs in times of yore,
 Or goddesses, a nobler title, hight,
 With much of jewels and of precious ore,
 Their garments have adorned, and tresses bright,
 And now they throng at their high conclave's door
 A numerous train magnificently dight.
 The care of each is not to be surpast
 In gaudy geer, and not to arrive the last.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

P. 36 P. 29, P. 22 8. 22 ✓
 DRAKE'S POEMS.*

THE name of the lamented Dr. Drake, though not so widely known as others of far less claim to literary renown, has long been identified with one of which his countrymen are justly proud. Nor has his early association with Mr. Halleck in the production of the best series of political satires that ever appeared on this side of the Atlantic, been the only tie that has linked his name with the rising poetic genius of his country. A number of his pieces have for years been handed about in MS. and copied so extensively as to be disseminated over half the Union; while his stirring lyric, "The American Flag," has long since established such a hold upon popular favour as effectually to embalm the memory of its author. The admirers of Dr. Drake's genius, however, — and who that has read "The Culprit Fay" does not rank himself among them, — have long been anxious to see some more tangible character given to his reputation, by the collection of his writings and their embodiment in a permanent form.

This has at length been accomplished by the publication, of which the proof-sheets are before us.† The volume is made up of two long poems (one of which was never finished) and a number of fugitive verses, written, many of them, in early youth, and often thrown

st. 73) was a mere optical illusion. If her charms were themselves a veil thrown over deformity, how can we ascribe to them an undisguisable reality? It seems to follow that the last couplet, "Gli angelici," &c. &c., is a severe joke upon the fairy; and while to the ear it says "Angels are ever bright," it insinuates that "devils always show the cloven foot," or "the club foot." Mr. Retsch, in his designs to illustrate Goethe's Dr. Faustus, has employed the diabolic foot with great ingenuity and effect.

* "The Culprit Fay," "Leon," and other poems, by the late Joseph Rodman Drake, 1 vol. Dearborn.

† Before handing his MSS. to the publisher, the editor politely furnished us with several minor pieces, which had not, to his knowledge, appeared before in print. They will be recognised by the initial D. in our present number.

6

From time to time, (as year and day demand
 Their presence to the five years' council due)
 Some from Iberia's, some from India's land,
 Hyrcania, or the sea of vermil hue,
 Nor bridled them a steed, nor vessel mann'd
 To skim the seas, nor them yoked oxen drew,
 But merrily departed through the murk
 Disdaining aid through man's or nature's work.

7

Some choose to navigate the fields above
 By mighty demons driven in ships of glass,
 Who oft the bellows blow, to make them move,
 More lustily than e'er blew Boreas.
 Others (like him who with St. Peter strove
 False Magus* to his cost, and perish'd) pass
 Upon the infernal angels' necks astride,
 And some with wings like Dædal are supplied.

8

With silver some delight, or gold, or rows
 Of gems, to decorate their elfin coach,
 Propell'd by eight, or even ten, of those
 Who vanish at the blessed morn's approach,
 And are pitch black, with horns, and tail that grows
 Unsightly, and the cloven† foot's reproach.
 Griffins, hippogriffs, and birds of such queer feather,
 Are in their flying chariots yoked together.

* Simon Magus (according to the general tradition of the Fathers) opposed himself to the preaching of St. Peter at Rome; and he was desired by Nero to exhibit in his presence some specimen of his theurgic powers. He accordingly raised himself from the ground to a considerable height, declaring that he was about to fly up to heaven. But the arts by which, as St. Luke says, "he long time bewitched the people," failed him at this pass, and he fell down again and broke his legs, of which he shortly after died. Compare the Romance of Merlin, fol. xcii. Jocelin, Acts of St. Patrick, c. 42. The story told by Suetonius, in Nero, c. 12, may perhaps be an inaccurate account of the exploits and fall of Simon. Theophanes mentions, that in the eighth century certain of the Persian Magi endeavoured to work the same miracle with no better success. They were called the *Maurophori* or Black-robed. Theoph. Chron. 4, p. 361.

† Con *pie di strani e lunghe code e corna*. It is an old and established notion that evil natures, however they may disguise themselves and appear as "angels of light," are nevertheless doomed to carry about them a mark of their reprobate condition in the bestial form of at least one foot. The idea may be borrowed from the *Capripedes Satyri*, or from various considerations, of which the discussion is here unsuitable. Ariosto closes his description of the exquisite charms of Alcina with these lines:—

"Si vede al fin de la persona augusta
Il breve asciutto e retondetta piedi;
 Gli angelici sembianti nati in cielo
 Non si ponno celar sotto alcun velo."—Orl. t. vii. 15.

Which Mr. Rose renders—

"A foot neat, short, and round, beneath is spied;"

and intimates, in a note upon the two following lines, that something is there borrowed from the Platonic doctrines concerning spirits. Pulci uses *asciutto* as the epithet of a horse's hoof, c. xv. st. 107. But I think I perceive another meaning: Alberti interprets *asciutto* by these words—*aride, maigre, decharmé, extenué*, and by no commendatory phrase, such as neat; nor do I think a lady's foot can fairly be praised either for its brevity or its rotundity. It may be asked, how could Ariosto seriously ascribe angelic perfections of persons so indelible in their natures as to admit no veil, to a toothless and foul hag, whose apparent beauty (as he says presently after,

9

They, fairies now, but nymphs in times of yore,
 Or goddesses, a nobler title, hight,
 With much of jewels and of precious ore,
 Their garments have adorned, and tresses bright,
 And now they throng at their high conclave's door
 A numerous train magnificently dight.
 The care of each is not to be surpast
 In gaudy geer, and not to arrive the last.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

P. 36 P. 29, P. 22 8. 22

DRAKE'S POEMS.*

THE name of the lamented Dr. Drake, though not so widely known as others of far less claim to literary renown, has long been identified with one of which his countrymen are justly proud. Nor has his early association with Mr. Halleck in the production of the best series of political satires that ever appeared on this side of the Atlantic, been the only tie that has linked his name with the rising poetic genius of his country. A number of his pieces have for years been handed about in MS. and copied so extensively as to be disseminated over half the Union; while his stirring lyric, "The American Flag," has long since established such a hold upon popular favour as effectually to embalm the memory of its author. The admirers of Dr. Drake's genius, however, — and who that has read "The Culprit Fay" does not rank himself among them, — have long been anxious to see some more tangible character given to his reputation, by the collection of his writings and their embodiment in a permanent form.

This has at length been accomplished by the publication, of which the proof-sheets are before us.† The volume is made up of two long poems (one of which was never finished) and a number of fugitive verses, written, many of them, in early youth, and often thrown

st. 73) was a mere optical illusion. If her charms were themselves a veil thrown over deformity, how can we ascribe to them an undisguisable reality? It seems to follow that the last couplet, "Gli angelici," &c. &c., is a severe joke upon the fairy; and while to the ear it says "Angels are ever bright," it insinuates that "devils always show the cloven foot," or "the club foot." Mr. Retsch, in his designs to illustrate Goethe's Dr. Faustus, has employed the diabolic foot with great ingenuity and effect.

* "The Culprit Fay," "Leon," and other poems, by the late Joseph Rodman Drake, 1 vol. Dearborn.

† Before handing his MSS. to the publisher, the editor politely furnished us with several minor pieces, which had not, to his knowledge, appeared before in print. They will be recognised by the initial D. in our present number.

off so carelessly by a hand which wrote without effort, that great inequality will be discovered in a collection, of which a majority of the pieces were meant only for the eye of private friendship. Enough remains, however, to stamp the mind of the author as one of no common order, and to ensure for him an eminent and enduring place among the distinguished names of his country.

The poem which commences the volume has long been known to most of our readers, either through MS. copies or from extracts which have, from time to time, found their way into the newspapers. It is now, for the first time, given complete to the public; and we do not hesitate to rank it among the most exquisite productions in the English language. For luxuriance of fancy, for delicacy of expression, for glowing imagery, and for poetic truth it is rivalled by no poem that has appeared on this side of the Atlantic. Our author went to the very well-springs of poetry for his inspiration, and he drew richly from that salient and ever-living fount. He studied nature — studied her not as she appears in books, wherein the pedantry of science dims her lustre, or servile mediocrity, ever content to copy, paints her in our clime in the guise peculiar to others, and with the stale colours that have long since been appropriated to others — he studied her in her own virgin retreats, by the mighty rivers and mossy forests of his own fresh land; amid the splendour of a vegetation rendered various by an ever-changing climate, and beneath skies whose tints alone can rival its autumnal glories. He studied nature, not to find how or wherein she resembled the descriptions that have been given of her in other regions, — not to turn the time-worn associations of other countries to the new aspects of his own — to seek for English daisies upon a prairie, or make nightingales sing in a magnolia; — but to know her for herself alone — know her as she lived and breathed in the primal freshness around him. The multiform shapes in which her beauties are displayed in our land — the profusion in which she has lavished her gifts upon this — the last work which came from her hand — the exhaustless variety of shrubs and flowers that mock the meagre Flora of Europe's less genial clime, were perhaps unknown to him. But none of these graces upon the grander features of nature, however minute, escaped his observation when brought beneath it. He appears to have had that first great attribute of genius, the pervading power which, like the rays of heaven, can at the same time steep the mountain summit in light and touch the humblest floweret at its base with glory; and this it is which imparts a greater degree of nationality to the principal poem of this collection than any which has hitherto been written. Its whole atmosphere is American. It is a fairy tale of our own clime, and its imagery and accessories are applicable to no other beneath the sun.

The story is that of an elf who had broken his vestal vow, and dared to love an earthly maid.

"He has lain upon her lip of dew,
 He has sunned him in her eye of blue,
 He has fanned her cheek with his wings of air,
 Played with the ringlets of her hair,
 And, nestling on her snowy breast,
 Forgot the lily-king's behest.
 For this the shadowy tribes of air
 To the elfin court must haste away —
 And now they stand expectant there,
 To hear the doom of the culprit fay."

The gathering of the goblin crew is thus described : —

"They come from beds of lichen green,
 They creep from the mullein's velvet screen;
 Some on the backs of beetles fly
 From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
 Where they swing in their cobweb hammocks high,
 And rock about in the evening breeze;
 Some from the hum'-bird's downy nest —
 They had driven him out by elfin power,
 And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
 Had slumbered there till the charmed hour;
 Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
 With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
 And some had opened the four-o'clock,
 And stole within its purple shade.
 And now they throng the moonlight glade,
 Above — below — on every side,
 Their little minim forms arrayed
 In the tricky pomp of fairy pride!"

This must remind the reader of Pope's description of the "denizens of the air" in the *Rape of the Lock*; nor is it a whit inferior in delicacy of poetic fancy to that beautiful passage commencing

"Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
 "Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
 Loose to the wind their airy garments threw,
 Their glittering textures of the filmy dew
 Dipped in the richest tinctures of the skies,
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
 While every beam new transient colours flings,
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings."

Midnight is the hour of meeting; and whoever, at that witching time of a summer's night, has floated beneath the towering crags of the Hudson, when the moon-beams silvered their grey heads and touched, as with frost-work, the shadowy foliage around their base — or, climbing through thickets of sumach and sassafras, where the glimmer of some mountain rill has guided him upon his tangled path, has paused to listen to the creeping murmur around him, or to watch the fire-fly sparks that shower along the shaggy hill-side, — will own the exquisite truth of the following picture :

"'Tis the middle watch of a summer's night —
 The earth is dark, but the heaven's are bright;
 Naught is seen in the vault on high
 But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
 And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
 A river of light on the welkin blue."

The moon looks down on old Cro'-nest,
 She mellows the shade on his shaggy breast,
 And seems his huge gray form to throw
 In a silver cone on the wave below ;
 His sides are broken by spots of shade,
 By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
 And through their clustering branches dark
 Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark.

* * * *

The stars are on the moving stream,
 And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
 A burnished length of wavy beam
 In an eel-like, spiral line below ;
 The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
 The bat in the shelvy rock is hid,
 And naught is heard on the lonely hill
 But the cricket's chirp and the answer shrill
 Of the gauze-winged katy-did ;
 And the plaint of the wailing whippoorwill
 Who mourns unseen, and ceaseless sings,
 Ever a note of wail and wo
 Till Morning spreads her rosy wings,
 And earth and sky in her glances glow.

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell :
 The wood-tick has kept the minutes well ;
 He has counted them all with click and stroke,
 Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,
 And he has awakened the sentry elfe
 That sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
 To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
 And call the fays to their revelry ;
 Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell —
 'Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell :
 ' Midnight comes, and all is well !
 Hither, goblins ! wing your way !
 'Tis the dawn of fairy day.' "

The court is now seated around the elf-king, whose

" — throne was reared upon the grass
 Of the spice-wood and the sassafras ;
 On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
 Hung the burnished canopy —
 And o'er them gorgeous curtains fell
 Of the tulip's crimson drapery."

The sentence of the culprit, in consideration of his lady-love having been among the purest of earth's creation, is partially remitted by his spiritual peers ; and the monarch, with a lenity worthy of our merciful Recorder, condemns him only to a punishment which to a fairy must be a mere matter of moonshine, especially when compared with the awful doom which is thus hinted at by the court : —

" Fairy ! had she spot or taint,
 Bitter had been thy punishment.
 Tied to the hornet's shardy wings ;
 Tossed on the pricks of nettles' stings ;
 Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
 With the lazy worm in the walnut-shell ;
 Or every night to writhe and bleed
 Beneath the tread of the centipede ;
 Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
 Your jailer a spider huge and grim,

Amid the carrion bodies to lie,
Of the worm and the bug, and the murdered fly :
These it had been thy lot to bear,
Had a stain been found on the earthly fair."

So terrific a fate, however, does not impend over the culprit, and he is merely ordered to

"seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land,
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leap in the bright moonshine,
Then dart in the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow."

This, however, is only to wash away the stain which sullies his elfin honour, and the judge proceeds —

"If the spray-bead gem be won,
The stain of thy wing is washed away,
But another errand must yet be done
Ere thy crime and dishonour be lost for aye ;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
And thou must re-illumine its spark.
Mount thy steed and spur him high
To the heaven's blue canopy ;
And when thou seest a shooting star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far —
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light thy fairy fire again."

The criminal pauses but to pluck a colin-bill before he leaves the presence. His faded wings have lost their power, but the buoyant soul of an immortal still sustains his delicate nature as he takes his toilsome way adown the mountain.

"Through dreary beds of tangled fern,
Through groves of nightshade dark and dern,
Over the grass and through the brake,
Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake ;
Now o'er the violet's azure flush
He skips along in lightsome mood ;
And now he thrids the bramble bush,
Till its points are died in fairy blood.

He has leapt the bog, he has pierced the brier,
He has swum the brook, and waded the mire,
Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak,
And the red waxed fainter in his cheek.
He had fallen to the ground outright,

For rugged and dim was his onward track,
But there came a spotted toad in sight,
And he laughed as he jumped upon her back ;
He bridled her mouth with a silk-weed twist ;
He lashed her sides with an osier throng ;
And now through evening's dewy mist,
With leap and spring they bound along,
Till the mountain's magic verge is past,
And the beach of sand is reached at last.

Soft and pale is the moony beam,
Moveless and still the glassy stream,
The wave is clear, the beach is bright
With snowy shells and sparkling stones ;
The shore-surge comes in ripples light,
In murmurings faint, and distant moans ;

And ever anon in the silence deep
 Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,
 And the bend of his graceful bow is seen —
 A glittering arch of silver sheen,
 Spanning the wave of burnished blue,
 And dripping with gems of the river dew.
 The elfin cast a glance around,
 As he lighted down from his courser toad,
 Then round his breast his wings he wound,
 And close to the river's brink he strode;
 He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,
 Above his head his arms he threw,
 Then tossed a tiny curve in air,
 And headlong plunged in the waters blue.

Up sprung the spirits of the waves,
 From sea-silk beds in their coral caves,
 With snail-plate armour snatched in haste,
 They speed their way through the liquid waste;
 Some are rapidly borne along
 On the mailed shrimp or the prickly prong,
 Some on the blood-red leeches glide,
 Some on the stormy star-fish ride,
 Some on the back of the lancing squab,
 And some on the sideling soldier crab;
 And some on the gelled quarl, who flings
 At once a thousand streamy stings —
 They cut the wave with the living oar,
 And hurry on to the moonlit shore,
 To guard their realms, and chase away
 The footsteps of the invading fay."

The inhospitable river sprites prevail against him, and the stout little swimmer is compelled to make for the shore. Faint with his discomfiture, he lies down on the beach to recruit; and then taking a pull from a hare-bell flaggon filled with calamus juice, (have they no temperance societies in fairy land?) he turns with renewed vigour to his task.

"He cast a saddened look around,
 And what to do he could not tell;
 But he leapt for joy when on the ground
 He spied a purple muscle shell;
 Thither he ran, and he bent him low,
 He heaved at the stern, and he heaved at the bow,
 And he pushed her over the yielding sand,
 Till he came to the verge of the haunted land.

She was as lovely a pleasure-boat
 As ever fairy had paddled in,
 For she glowed with purple paint without,
 And shone with silvery pearl within;
 A sculler's notch in the stern he made,
 An oar he shaped of the bootle blade;
 Then sprung to his seat with a lightsome leap,
 And launched afar on the calm blue deep.

The imps of the river yell and rave,
 They had no power above the wave,
 But they heaved the billow before the prow,
 And they dashed the surge against her side,
 And they struck her keel with jerk and blow,
 Till her gunwale bent to the rocking tide.
 She wimpled about in the pale moon-beam
 Like a feather that floats on a wind-tossed stream;
 And momentarily athwart her track
 A quarl upreared his island back,

And the fluttering scallop behind would float,
And spatter the water about the boat;
But he bailed her out with his colen-bell,
And he kept her trimmed with a wary tread,
While on every side like lightning fell
The heavy stroke of his bootle-blade."

The wee-voyager gains the object of his quest, and hies him back to his woodland home to refresh ere he starts anew upon the airy expedition which must still be accomplished before morning. The lapse of an hour perhaps still finds him napping in the velvet leaf where he had coiled himself up to rest; but his task has to be accomplished before dawn.

"Up Fairy! quit thy chick-weed bower,
The cricket has called the second hour,
Twice again, and the lark will rise
To kiss the streakings of the skies —
Up! thy charmed armour don,
Thou'lt need it ere the night be done.
He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle down;
The corslet-plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak, of the rainbow's mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a ladybird queen,
Spots of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance, which he brandished bright,
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent-grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew,
To skim the heavens and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket star.

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,
Crept under the leaf and hid her there;
The katy-did forgot its lay,
The prowling gnat fled fast away,
The fell moscheto checked his drone
And folded his wings till the fay was gone,
And the wily beetle dropped his head,
And fell on the ground as if he were dead;
They crouched them close in the darksome shade,
They quaked all o'er with dread and fear,
For they had felt the blue-bent blade,
And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear;
Many a time on a summer's night,
When the sky was clear and the moon was bright,
They had been roused from the haunted ground,
By the yelp and bay of the fairy hound;
They had heard the tiny bugle-horn,
They had heard the twang of the maize silk string,
When the vine-twigs bows were tightly drawn,
And the nettle shaft through the air was borne.
Feathered with down from the hum'-bird's wing.
And now they deemed the courier *ouphe*
Some hunter sprite of the eildrich ground;
And they watched till they saw him mount the roof
That canopies the world around;
Then glad they left their covert lair,
And freak about in the midnight air."

And now his fire-fly courser speeds through the firmament. A thousand dangers beset his path ; the shapes of air are at work around him ; his rein is twitched by shadowy hands, and flame-shot tongues around him play. But the undaunted fay maintains his place in the saddle with a firmness that would do credit to Roulstone's teaching, while Il Diavolo himself could not be more cool amid the fire-works that dazzle him. At length he reaches a region where new dangers beset him.

"Sudden along the snowy tide
That swell'd to meet their footsteps' fall,
The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,
Attired in sunset's crimson pall ;
Around the fay they weave the dance,
They skip before him on the plain,
And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,
And one upholds his bridle rein.
With warblings wild they lead him on
To where, through clouds of amber seen,
Studded with stars resplendent shone,
The palace of the sylphid queen."

Our little hero now, for one of so amorous a complexion, is rather precariously situated. A sylph makes love to him outright ; and she too is the very belle of sylphdom — one of those beings who, as Anacreon Moore tells us, mingles the holy light of other worlds

" ————— with all the bliss,
The fond weak tenderness of this"—

a creature that would stir up both body and soul to mutiny ; but our staunch fairy lover, though he had neither read Cœlebs, Joseph Andrews, nor "The Veiled Prophet," is true to his plighted faith, and it may be said of him, as of young Azim in Lallah Rookh, that

" ————— He who arms
"A young warm heart 'gainst beauty's charms,
"Who feels their magic, yet defies their thrall,
"Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all."

He lets the lady know that his affections are pre-engaged ; and finding it impossible to keep him in heaven, she very commendably facilitates his return to earth by all the means in her power. Presuming that he is tired of riding, she furnishes him with a cloud in which he may drive as comfortably along the firmament as in his own stanhope ; and coming at last in the track of a meteor, he flings down the reins and catches a spark from the streaming rover just as the last coil of its tail quivers over him. His fire-fly poney is now saddled anew, and a down-hill gallop brings the happy fay once more to his green-wood home, where his elvish friends receive him with the following roundelay : —

"Ouphe and goblin ! imp and spright !
Elf of eve ! and starry fay !
Ye that love the moon's soft light,
Hither — hither wend your way :

Twine ye in a jocund ring,
Sing and trip it merrily,
Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Weave the dance, and weave the song,
The wanderer is returned again,
His flame-wood lamp burns bright and strong,
His wings have lost their crimson stain,
Twine ye in an airy round,
Brush the dew and sweep the lea;
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,
He flies about the haunted place,
And if a mortal there be found,
He hums in his ears and flaps his face;
The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
The owl's eyes our lanterns be;
Thus we sing, and dance, and play,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

“Leon,” the second piece in the collection, is by no means equal to the Culpit Fay, though it contains many passages of strength and beauty. It is written in the same measure as Byron's *Corsair*, and resembles that poem in the construction of the verse. In the following passage which, in describing the heroine, gives the reader an insight into the story, we are strongly reminded of Byron:

“And yet a keen observer might espy
Strange passions lurking in her deep black eye,
And in the lines of her fine lip, a soul
That in its every feeling spurned controul.
They passed unnoted— who will stop to trace
A sullyng spot on beauty's sparkling face?
And no one deemed, amid her glances sweet,
Hers was a bosom of impetuous heat,
A heart too wildly in its joys elate,
Formed but to madly love, or madly hate;
A spirit of strong throbs, and steadfast will,
To doat, detest, to die for, or to kill,
Which, like the Arab chief, would fiercely dare
To stab the heart she might no longer share;
And yet so tender, if he loved again,
Would die to save his breast one single pain.
And he who cast his gaze upon her now,
And read the traces written on her brow,
Had scarce believed hers was that form of light
That beamed like fabled wonder on the sight;
Her raven hair hung down in loosen'd tress
Before her wan cheeks' pallid ghastliness,
And, thro' its thick locks, showed the deadly white,
Like marble glimpses of a tomb at night.
In fixed and horrid musings now she stands,
Her dark eyes bent to earth, and her cold hands
Press'd to her heart; then wildly thrown on high,
They wander o'er her brow, and then a sigh
Breaks deep and full, and more composedly
She half exclaims—“No! no! it cannot be,
“He loves not—never loved—not even when
“He press'd my wedded hand—I knew it then,

"And yet — fool that I was — I saw he strove
 "In vain to kindle pity into love.
 "But Florence! she so loved — a sister too!
 "My earliest, dearest playmate — one who grew
 "Upon my very heart — to rend it so!
 "His falsehood I could bear, but her's! ah! no,
 "She is not false — I feel she loves me yet,
 "And if my boding bosom could forget
 "Its wild imaginings, with what sweet pain
 "I'd clasp my Florence to my breast again."
 With that came many a thought of days gone by,
 Remembered joys of mirthful infancy,
 And youth's gay frolic, and the short-lived flow,
 Of showering tears in childhood's fleeting woe,
 And life's maturer friendship, and the sense
 Of heart-warm, open, fearless confidence.
 All these came thronging with a tender call,
 And her own Florence mingled with them all."

This poem, having never been finished by the author, is rather a memento of the versatility of his genius than a fair specimen of its power in a new range. Judging, however, from these remains, Dr. Drake was rather a poet of fancy than of feeling; and he succeeds better in every thing than in describing emotion. His touches of passion are overwrought, but his play of fancy is delicate and sparkling in the highest degree — blazing forth occasionally in the noblest strains of poetry.

From the evidence here given, it would appear that the last verse of his most popular piece, "The American Flag," was, as generally printed, written by Mr. Halleck. The stanza originally stood thus:—

"Flag of the free heart's only home,
 By angel hands to valour given,
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven;
 And fixed as yonder orb divine,
 That saw thy bannered blaze unfurled,
 Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine,
 The guard and glory of the world."

For which, in place of the last four lines, the following by Mr. Halleck were adopted:

"Forever float that standard sheet,
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

Not the least attractive pieces in this volume are those which record the intercourse of this "Castor and Pollux of Quizzers," as they were dubbed in those days when Croaker & Co. kept the town continually upon a broad grin. The ease, humour, and occasional flashes of true poetry which characterise the following epistle to Mr. Halleck, remind us of some of the happiest sallies of the Croakers:

"Well, Fitz, I'm here; the mairs the pity,
 I'll wad ye curse the vera city

From which I write a braid Scots ditty
 Afore I learn it ;
 But gif ye canna make it suit ye,
 Ye ken ye'll burn it.

My grunzie's got a twist until it
 Thae damn'd Scotch aighs sae stuff and fill it
 I doubt wi' a' my doctor skill, it
 'll keep the gait,
 Not e'en my pen can scratch a billet
 And write it straight.

Ye're aiblins thinking to forgather
 Wi' a hole sheet, of muir and heather
 O' burns, and braes, and sic like blether,
 To you a feast ;
 But stop ! ye will not light on either
 This time at least.

Now stir your bries a wee and ferlie,
 Then drop your lip and glower surly ;
 Troth ! gif ye do, I'll tell ye fairly,
 Ye'll no be right ;
 We've made our jaunt a bit too early
 For sic a sight.

What it may be when summer deeds
 Muir shaw and brae, wi' bonnie weeds
 Sprinkling the gowan on the meads
 And broomy knowes,
 I dinna ken ; but now the meads
 Scarce keep the cows.

For trees, puir Scotia's sadly scanted,
 A few bit pines and larches planted,
 And thae, wee, knurlie, blastic, stuntit
 As e'er thou sawest ;
 Row but a sma' turf fence anent it,
 Hech ! there's a forest.

For streams, ye'll find a puny puddle
 That would not float a shull bairn's coble,
 A cripple still might near hand hobble
 Dry-baughted ever ;
 Some whinstone crags to mak' it bubble,
 And there's a river.

And then their cauld and reekie skies,
 They luke ower dull to Yankie eyes ;
 The sun ye'd ken na if he's rise
 Amaist the day ;
 Just a noon blink that hardly dries
 The dewy brae.

* * * * *
 Yet leeze auld Scotland on her women,
 Ilk sonzie lass and noble yeoman,

For luvvers heart or blade of foeman
 Oer baith victorious ;
 E'en common sense, that plant uncommon,
 Grows bright and glorious.

Fecks but my pen has skelp'd along,
 I've whistled out an unco song
 'Bout folk I ha' na been amang
 Twa days as yet ;
 But, faith, the farther that I gang,
 The mair ye'll get.

Sae sharpen up your lugs, for soon
 I'll tread the hazelly braes o' Doon,
 See Mungo's well, and set my shoon
 Where i' the dark
 Bauld Tammie keek'd the drunken loon
 At cutty sark.

And I shall tread the hallowed bourne
 Where Wallace blew his bugle-horn
 O'er Edward's banner, stained and torn.
 What Yankie bluid
 But feels its free pulse leap and burn
 Where Wallace stood !

But pouk my pen ! I find I'm droppin
 My braw Scots style to English loppin ;
 I fear amaist that ye'll be hoppin
 I'd quit it quite :
 If so, I e'en must think o' stoppin,
 And sae, gude night.

The same Burns-like humour and spirit are betrayed in another letter to the same gifted friend ; but we can only quote the following Apostrophe to the Western Star, with which the writer breaks off in the midst of other matters :

"Gads me ! my hat — by all that's cheerly,
 The moon is up and shining clearly !
 Hey ! for an Harlequinian antic,
 I've been a month across th' Atlantic,
 And this the first good glimpse my eye
 Has gotten of a Yankee sky.
 And there's the star ! ye west winds fan her,
 That shines upon my country's banner :
 She loves the west ; she seldom flings
 Her sparkle points on eyeless kings,
 But keeps them for the gallant lads
 Who wear her in their black cockades.
 Here, where mist, clouds and smoke unite
 To stifle up each heavenly light,
 Long may we watch each wind that blows,
 Before that glittering eye uncloses !

Thus to my country's sore dishonour,
 Old England's fog lay long upon her;
 'Till roused at last, each spirit proud,
 Her cannon thunders burst the cloud,
 And poured o'er Europe's hills afar,
 The glories of the Western Star!

Lord! but she's gone! and here again
 Our old acquaintance, mist and rain;
 Ye vapourish jades, the red plague rid ye,
 If ye'd not come until I bid ye,
 Ye'd still be wearing, I've a notion,
 Your white foam night-caps o'er the ocean,
 And I'd have time mine eyes to feast
 On my bright star an hour at least.

Yet Hesper! tho' ye now must darkle,
 Lord bless you for that pleasant sparkle;
 I think ye must have known, this even
 A Yankee eye was raised to Heaven,
 And shoved the surly clouds askance
 To give him just a kindly glance,
 Mind him of home, help on his letter,
 And make him sleep to-night the better."

Our quotations from these interesting remains must now be brought to a conclusion, gladly as we would still dwell upon them; but our readers, we conceive, will prefer that any space we have yet to devote to the subject should be occupied by another extract in preference to any additional remarks of our own; we therefore conclude by quoting the piece entitled

NIAGARA.

"An ocean falling over a mountain."--*Modern Travels.*

I.

Roar, raging torrent! and thou, mighty river,
 Pour your white foam on the valley below;
 Frown, ye dark mountains! and shadow for ever
 The deep rocky bed where the wild rapids flow.
 The green sunny glade and the smooth flowing fountain,
 Brighten the home of the coward and slave;
 The flood and the forest, the rock and the mountain,
 Rear on their bosoms the free and the brave.

II.

Nurslings of nature, I mark your bold bearing,
 Pride in each aspect and strength in each form,
 Hearts of warm impulse and souls of high daring,
 Born in the battle and rear'd in the storm;

The red levin flash and the thunder's dread rattle,
 The rock-riven wave and the war-trumpet's breath,
 The din of the tempest, the yell of the battle,
 Nerve your steeled bosoms to danger and death.

III.

High on the brow of the Alps' snowy towers
 The mountain Swiss measures his rock-breasted moors,
 O'er his lone cottage the avalanche lowers,
 Round its rude portal the spring torrent pours ;
 Sweet is his sleep amid peril and danger,
 Warm is his greeting to kindred and friends,
 Open his hand to the poor and the stranger,
 Stern on his foeman his sabre descends.

IV.

Lo! where the tempest the dark waters sunder,
 Slumbers the sailor-boy, reckless and brave,
 Warm'd by the lightning and lulled by the thunder,
 Fann'd by the whirlwind and rock'd on the wave ;
 Wildly the winter-wind howls round his pillow,
 Cold on his bosom the spray showers fall ;
 Creaks the strained mast at the rush of the billow,
 Soundly he slumbers, regardless of all.

V.

Mark how the cheek of the warrior flushes,
 As the battle-drum beats and the war-torches glare,
 Like a blast of the north to the onset he rushes,
 And his wide waving falchion gleams brightly in air,
 Around him the death-shot of foemen are flying,
 At his feet friends and comrades are yielding their breath ;
 He strikes to the groans of the wounded and dying,
 But the war-cry he strikes with is "Conquest or Death!"

VI.

Then pour thy broad wave like a flood from the heavens!
 Each son that thou rearest, in the battle's wild shock,
 When the death speaking note of the trumpet is given,
 Shall charge like thy torrent or stand like thy rock.
 Let his roof be the cloud and the rock be his pillow,
 Let his stride the rough mountain or toss on the foam,
 He shall strike fast and well on the field or the billow,
 In triumph and glory! for God and his Home!

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE LINWOODS; OR, "SIXTY YEARS SINCE" IN AMERICA—By the author of *Hope Leslie*—2 vols. Harpers.—This season has certainly been very productive of original works in the lighter departments of literature. The capital novel of "*Horse Shoe Robinson*," and Mr. J. T. Irving's *Indian Sketches*, (a work which, with some faults of a young writer, abounds in vivid description and is rich in that dry drollery that gives his racy attraction to *Knickerbocker*.) came before us in our last number; and now, in addition to the new volume of American poems from which we have quoted so largely, we have here another excellent "home production," by the admired authoress of *Hope Leslie*. *The Linwoods* is a story of the Revolution. The plot is woven from domestic scenes and feelings, which are so acted upon by the political influences of the day as to give a strong historical interest to the details. This interest is further heightened by the introduction of distinguished and well-known persons, who, though they have little to do with the main conduct of the story, yet flit across the scene in such a manner as to give elevation to what otherwise could hardly aspire to the dignity of a historical romance. The chief characters—and these are no less than five—who, at different times, may be taken for the hero or heroine, are, with the exception of *Isabella*, by no means the best in the book; though they are all in keeping and well sustained throughout: but, unless it be *Bessie*, they are too systematic to be true to life. Finished though they be as portraits, yet they want the life-like freshness, the vitality with which a few happy touches have endowed the others. *Old Linwood*, *black Rose*, and *Kisel*, are decidedly our favourites; the last, especially, though a mere outline of a character, is thrown off with a free and original hand. We think he might have been used with more effect, however, in developing the plot; he figures in several important scenes, and yet is a mere supernumerary, in all save one. We could not help a feeling of disappointment when he presented himself so opportunely to be placed in the situation of the young officer who gets into difficulty by personating his character, that the substitute was not made, instead of leaving poor *Kisel* to be condemned to death as a "skinner." *Isabella Linwood*, the heroine, is a noble

creation, and the decided traits of her character are brought into admirable relief by the yielding nature of *Bessie Lee* and the volatile disposition of her brother. She is a picture worthy of the hand that drew *Hope Leslie*; though, notwithstanding the interest of the tale which she graces, we still think that the fame of our authoress must still rest upon the admirable work by which she is best known.

Not the least attractive part of these volumes are the descriptions of nature which are scattered throughout them. *Miss Sedgewick* has all that keen susceptibility to the beauties of the natural world which, though often existing in the humblest mind, is still the unfailing accompaniment of genius; and this it is which makes her descriptions at once forcible from the truth and eloquent from the feeling with which they are imbued. We would gladly illustrate our observations by a few of the many beautiful passages with which we have been struck; but the limit of these notices do not admit of such an indulgence, and the little room we have here to spare must be devoted to a few aphorisms, which will give our readers some idea of the spirit that breathes through these pages, to whose story we have religiously avoided giving a clue.

Of a fragile and sensitive girl it is said:

"Physically and morally she was one of those delicate structures that require a hardening process; she resembles the exquisite instrument that responds music to the gentle touches of the elements, but is broken by the first rude gust that sweeps over it."

A person with a calm and easy disposition is assimilated to "one of those *short-stemmed* flowers that lie on the earth; no wind moves her."

In regard to the first severance of the tie with the mother country, it is said that

"It ought not to have been expected that when the young country came to the muscle and vigour of manhood, it should continue to wear the leading strings of childhood, or remain in the bondage and apprenticeship of its youth."

Again:

"It has been justly said that the seeds of our revolution and future independence were sown by the Pilgrims. . . . The fires of our republic were not kindled by a coal from the altars of Greece and Rome, whose freest governments exalted the few and retained the many in grovelling igno-

rance and servitude. Ours came forth invincible in the declaration of liberty to all and equality of rights."

Of the ministers of the "Established Church," prior to the revolution, it is strikingly said—

"They preached equality in Heaven, but little thought it was the kingdom to come on earth. *They were the electric chain, unconscious of the celestial fire they transmitted.*

The ties and trusts of early life.

"The instincts of childhood and youth are true and sage. I love every thing, and every body I loved when I was a child. I now dread the effect of adventitious circumstances—the flattering illusions of society—the frauds that are committed on the imagination by the seeming beautiful."

"Etiquette—the divinity of small polished gentlemen."

A fair rebel from the old regime:—

"A new light had broken in upon her, and she began to see old subjects in a fresh aspect. Strange as it may appear to those who have grown up with the rectified notions of the present day, she for the first time perceived the folly of measuring American society by a European standard—of casting it in an old and worn mould—of permitting its vigorous youth to be cramped and impaired by transmitted manacles and shackles. Her fine mind was like the perfectly organized body that wanted but to be touched by fire from Heaven to use all its faculties freely and independently."

Of a mind in fragments, that has been shattered by some fatal jar, it is beautifully observed—

"It takes no durable impression; to attempt to make one is like attempting to form an image in sand; and yet, like this same sand, which from the smelting furnace appears in brilliant and defined forms, his thoughts, kindled in the fire of his affections, assume an expression and beauty that would astonish you."

A thoroughly selfish man is described as one who "resembles those insects who, instead of the social senses of hearing and seeing, which connect one sentient existence with another, are furnished with feelers that make their own bodies the focus of all sensation."

"Watching and anxiety had subdued her brilliancy, and had given a depth of tenderness, a softness to her expression, bordering on feminine weakness. When a man has a dread, however slight it may be, that a woman is superior to him, her attractions are enhanced by whatever indicates the gentleness and dependence of her sex."

A sweetly-spoken malicious girl:—

"She thought Helen Ruthven much like a bee, who stings while laden with sweets."

A graceful dancer:—

"She seemed to have surrendered herself to the music, and to be a poetic manifestation of the pleasure of motion."

A worldly lover:—

"He believed he truly loved her, and he did as truly as he could love. But Jasper Meredith's love, like water that rises through minerals, was impregnated with much foreign material."

"Vanity has a wonderful tenacity of life: it resembles those reptiles that feed greedily on every species of food, the most delicate and the grossest, and that can subsist on their own independent vitality."

A LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, IN LATIN PROSE.—Harpers.—A life of the Father of his Country, in good classical Latin, and written on this side of the Atlantic, is certainly something new in the literary line in these days. Scholarship is "looking up;" and the classics, maugre the attempt to "Lynch" them in certain parts of the country, are likely to rise. Seriously speaking, however, we hail the appearance of this work as the commencement of a new era in our country; and we trust that it will meet with a success which shall induce other efforts of the kind, and crush in the bud the insane conspiracy against the learned tongues which seems blowing into life in certain parts of the Union. Let but the lives of our distinguished men, and the thrilling scenes in which they played a part, be embalmed in the noble languages of antiquity—let the associations of patriotic story be linked in the mind of the young student with the medium in which it is here conveyed, and the classics will be so entrenched in the affections of the rising generation, that no new fangled systems, however backed by popular clamour, can ever banish them from among our elementary studies. The work before us we may take another opportunity of examining more particularly; at present we have only to observe that it has been stamped with the approval of some of the most distinguished linguists in the country. The testimonial of Professor Anthon alone is sufficient to fix the character of the book. This life of Washington was composed in Latin by Francis Glass, A. M., late a schoolmaster in Warren county, Ohio, and edited by his pupil, J. N. Reynolds, at whose request he completed the work, and by whom a very interesting notice is given in the preface of circumstances under which it was produced.